

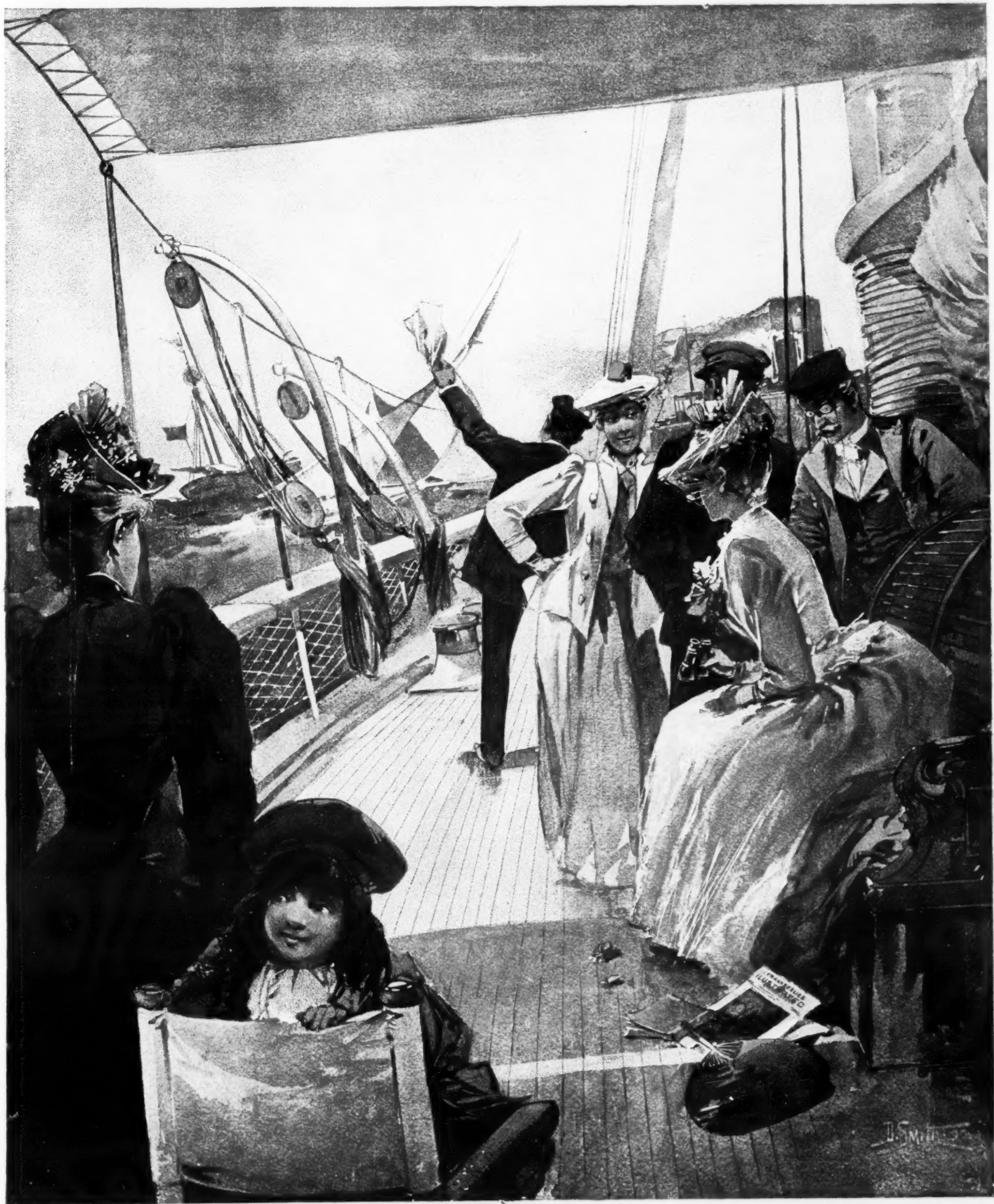
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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1892.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



VIEWING THE REGATTA OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—The "WASP" rounding Scotland Light-Ship.
From a Drawing by D. F. SMITH.



IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD.

COMBINES THE GREATEST QUANTITY OF NOURISHMENT WITH THE LEAST AMOUNT OF LABOR NECESSARY FOR ITS DIGESTION, AND IS AN UNRIVALLED FOOD IN THE ROOM OF THE SICK OR CONVALESCENT. **PURE—SOOTHING—AND—STRENGTHENING.** ITS VALUE IN FEVERS, in inanition, and in all gastric and enteric diseases HAS BEEN INCONTESTABLY PROVEN—often being the ONLY FOOD THE STOMACH would tolerate WHEN LIFE SEEMED DEPENDING ON ITS RETENTION! Always uniform and reliable—it is the **SAFEST FOOD** for Nursing Mothers, Infants, and Children—*an incomparable aliment for Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and Aged persons— a most delicious and wholesome article of diet for the strong as well as the weak.*

UNIVERSALLY RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS, PHARMACISTS, THE PUBLIC AND THE PRESS, its sales and popularity are constantly increasing and it will have satisfactory results in nutrition far into the future because it is based on merit and proven success in the past.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.

IMPERIAL GRANUM is the FOOD BEST SUITED TO ALL WEAK and DELICATE conditions of the stomach. It can be easily prepared; with water only, or with condensed milk, when fresh milk cannot be obtained.

OCEAN TRAVELERS need not be told what a PRECIOUS BOON such a FOOD must OFTEN PROVE, and YACHTSMEN, particularly those expecting ladies and children as their guests, should include IMPERIAL GRANUM in their stores.

PABST BREWING Co.,

MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.

SELL more Beer than any other Brewery in the World. Why? The reasons are obvious if one stops to think a minute. The names "PABST-MILWAUKEE" are synonyms the world over for Purity, Age and Strength, three elements that combine to make their Famous Milwaukee Lager Beer the Most Wholesome as well as the Most Popular Beer ever placed before the public. Our method of bottling beer is the best for the simple reason that the beer goes direct from the cask to the bottle. Our brewery is the only one in the United States that conveys the beer direct from the storage cellars through an underground pipe line to the bottling department, where it is bottled without being exposed to the open air and its impurities. It is thus kept at the same low temperature of the storage cellars all the time. A recent act of Congress allows us to operate a Pipe Line between our Brewery and our Bottling House. This Great Innovation enables the Pabst Brewing Company to furnish the public bottled beer for family or table use which contains as much sparkling life as a glass drawn from a freshly tapped barrel. The PABST is the Largest Brewery in the World, and its Famous Milwaukee Lager is the Favorite Beverage everywhere. It is sold the world over.

COMPARATIVE SALES 1891:

PABST=MILWAUKEE, 790,290 BbIs.

Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis..... 602,078 BbIs.

PABST LEADS WITH..... 188,212 BbIs.

NEW YORK BRANCH, 376 WASHINGTON STREET.

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In Compounding, an incomplete mixture was accidentally applied to the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CAN NOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on the neck may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application. But without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERIOR ELECTROLYSIS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail in safety mailing cases, postage paid, securely sealed from observation on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

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MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations.

You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

We Offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

WHAT DO YOU FEED THE BABY?



THE TEXAS QUADRUPLTS.

Messrs. REED & CARNRICK: INGERSOLL, Texas.

GENTLEMEN—By the way of introduction, I am the happy father of a quartette of girls, born January 10th, 1890. Soon after their birth I worried along as well as I could with wet-nurses, but being unable to get anything constant, I resolved to try artificial food. I tried several foods, and whether owing to my failure to comply with their intricate method of preparation, or whether the foods were not suited to our particular babies, I can't say. However, they disagreed with them, whereupon we tried CARNRICK'S FOOD with the best results. They are all doing finely. Can you furnish me with a case of Food at wholesale price?

Yours truly,
E. T. PAGE.

LACTO-PRÆPARATA

An ALL-MILK FOOD for the first Eight Months.

CARNRICK'S FOOD

For the remainder of the nursing period.

THE above two foods are the only prepared Infant Foods worthy of the name, and the only ones that will perfectly nourish an infant. Send for free samples and sixty-four page pamphlet, entitled "Our Baby's First and Second Years," by Marion Harland, with advice by an eminent physician on care and feeding of infants.

REED & CARNRICK,
NEW YORK.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP,

FOR THE SKIN, SCALP, AND COMPLEXION.

FACTS, NOT FICTION, CONVINCED.

1st. It is unexcelled as a toilet soap for all bathing purposes, thorough in its action as a cleanser and beautifier of the skin, curing all pimples and eruptions.

2d. Facial Soap replaces cosmetics, powders and lotions, and counteracts their injurious effects. Money and skin saved by its use.

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4th. It contains a disinfectant, and is of excellent use in hospital wards, and for the cure of contagious eruptions.

5th. It is especially recommended for physicians' use, and when once used will prove its claims.

6th. It is invaluable for shaving, preventing disease, allaying irritation, cleansing and healing in its nature. A sweet, pure and clean skin guaranteed after its use.

7th. It is used for washing the Hair and Scalp, and acts like a tonic, preventing dandruff, tetter, and eczema; gives to the hair a fresh, glossy appearance, prevents its falling, removes excessive oil, and makes the hair soft, light and pliable.

8th. Blackheads do not linger after their first introduction to this, their enemy. All old, discolored secretions depart, the skin presents a fine, smooth, glowing appearance, that is soon apparent; beauty and health of tissue is the result.

9th. Where soft coal is burned it is the only soap that will successfully combat with dirt-laden air and keep your beauty and complexion intact. Use and prove.

10th. It reduces undue redness of the nose when not of long standing, thus preventing one from becoming unsightly and a target for jest and raillery.

11th. For removing the make-up of actresses it is excellent. It dissolves quickly and thoroughly all paints, powders and lotions of all kinds.

12th. For excessive perspiration of any part of the body this soap accomplishes wonders, removing all odors and perspiration.

13th. It is prepared by a dermatologist of 20 years' experience in treating skin diseases.

For sale by all Druggists, or sent by Mail, 50 cents.

A Sample Cake of Soap and 145-page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated, on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases, also Disfigurements like Birth-marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Bowditch Marks, Scars, Pimples, Red Nose, Cancer, Superfluous Hair, Aene, and all Skin and Scalp Imperfections and their treatment, sent sealed for 10 Cents.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatological Institute,
125 West 42d Street, New York City.
Consultation Free at Office or by Letter.



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Pronounced by connoisseurs

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Natural Sparkling Wine**

PRODUCED IN AMERICA.

For sale by all leading Wine-dealers and Grocers.

MADE BY

**URBANA
WINE
COMPANY,**
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TO ADVERTISERS:

COLORED NUMBERS OF

Frank Leslie's Weekly

ISSUED ONCE A MONTH.

SPECIAL FEATURE.

THE new departure taken by the publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY, in making the first issue of each month a special number, with a colored front page, has proved to be one of the greatest hits of the year. These numbers are largely increasing the sale of the paper in every direction, a point which is specially interesting to advertisers.

It is our intention to continue these issues, and to make them more attractive with each successive number. They are really magazines, being complete in themselves and possess a permanent value. They are appropriate for ALL CLASSES OF ADVERTISING. In making up your list include our WEEKLY. We know we can serve you well.

WILLIAM L. MILLER,
Manager Advertising Department.

ARKELL WEEKLY CO.,
110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Bandy Legs Prevented. Send stamp for Catalogue of PATENT CORSET SHOES, recommended by Physicians and Surgeons for Children learning to walk and those troubled with weak or sprained ankles. **B. Nathan, 221 6th Ave., New York.**



"Clara met him in the doorway, and clinging to her in rapt wonder was little Jack."

HIS YOUNG WIFE.

By E. M. GILMER.

MRS. MARVIN'S invalidism was one of those things that no one quite knew how it came about. Neither did any one know just what ailed her. In England, where they have a direct and right-handed way of going at things, people would have shaken their heads and said something about "poor Clara's liver"; but we speak more subtly of each other's little weaknesses, and call everything nervous prostration which has an air of dealing with glittering generalities.

In the meantime there was Mrs. Marvin on her couch, a victim to her liver, or nerves, or whatever it was. There had, indeed, been a period of picturesque illness, when she had really looked her best in the most fetching of tea-gowns, as she lounged among her piles of gay silk cushions. But that time was long past now.

"I've just come from poor Clara's," said the rector's wife to her dearest friend, Mrs. Gray, "and she looks perfectly wretched.

Had her hair all pulled back from her face, and was dressed in the most hideous old flannel wrapper, without a particle of shape to it. I fear she is not long for this world."

"Yes," replied her friend, sententiously, "when a woman ceases to care for her clothes in this world you may depend upon her affections being centred on her heavenly robe." And then she added, "What a fiasco that match has proved, and we all thought it promised so well!"

"Oh, but you must remember," the other replied, deprecatingly, "that illness may come to us all."

"Illness, fudge!" answered Mrs. Gray, scornfully. "I'd have just as much sympathy for Clara Marvin as any one if I believed she was anything but a hypochondriac. She just lies on a couch day after day fancying she is ill, leaving her husband to shift for himself, and that poor child to the care of servants, and she can't even be told when things go wrong, on account of her 'nerves.' My dear, it's just selfishness. Well, there's one com-

fort—people can imagine themselves into the grave, and then Reggy will be free, and better luck to him next time, I say."

In a way she had pictured rightly enough the state of affairs in the Marvin household. When Reginald Marvin and Clara Knowles had elected to marry it had been one of those matches that, as we are fond of saying, are made in heaven. Young, handsome, the children of parents who had long been friends, and possessed of more than a sufficiency of this world's goods, fate seemed, for once, to have withheld no good thing. In addition Reginald was a young lawyer, ambitious, devoted to his profession, and already making his way in it. They set up their household gods in the coziest and most elegant of little homes, and for several years all went well. Two children came to bless them; Reggy stood on the threshold of a brilliant political career, when suddenly all was changed. The baby girl sickened and died, and the young mother, people said, never got

(Continued on page 93.)

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1892.

THE articles now publishing in these columns entitled "The Battle for Bread," in which the condition of the working people of continental countries is strikingly set forth by a special representative of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and illustrated from sketches and photographs, cannot fail to exert an important influence in the present campaign. They constitute an effective answer to the falsehoods of Democratic newspapers as to labor and wages abroad, and show conclusively the superior condition of our own workmen as contrasted with that of the toilers of Europe. These articles will be issued, later, in pamphlet form.

PRICES AND WAGES.

THE Democratic newspapers are doing a good deal of vigorous lying in reference to the effects of the McKinley bill. Their favorite falsehood is that the bill has reduced wages, while it has increased the cost of living. It is somewhat unfortunate for these campaign liars that all the facts in the case go to show the utter falsity of their assertions. The tariff act has neither reduced wages nor increased the cost of the necessities of living to any class of our people. As to this subject we have evidence which is absolutely unimpeachable. The sub-committee of the Senate Finance Committee, which has been engaged for sixteen months in investigating the effect of tariff legislation upon prices and wages, supplies in its report, only recently presented, a mass of testimony which refutes in every particular the allegations with which these partisan falsifiers are flooding the country.

The inquiry of this committee, it is proper to state, was conducted along lines unanimously agreed to by all its members. It was wholly free from partisan bias. The sole desire was to obtain facts in such a way as to create universal confidence in their accuracy. The conclusions arrived at in accordance with this plan are unanimous.

The period covered by the investigation was twenty-eight months before and after the passage of the McKinley tariff law, namely, from the first of June, 1889, to the first of September, 1891. With a view of ascertaining what changes, if any, had taken place within that period, inquiry was made as to the price of two hundred and fifteen articles of general consumption in seventy cities and towns in different parts of the country. The results show that, comparing the two extreme dates of the inquiry, the average retail prices of the necessities of life in these cities had declined sixty-four hundredths of one per cent.; that wholesale prices for the same article had declined thirty-three hundredths of one per cent.; that the price of agricultural products had advanced thirteen and sixty-seven hundredths per cent., and that the average of wages had advanced three-quarters of one per cent. As supplementary to these figures, a statement is given showing a further decline in the cost of living in May, 1892, as compared with September, 1891, of one and two-tenths per cent., and as compared with June, July, and August, of 1889, of three and four-tenths per cent. This supplemental inquiry was made by the Commissioner of Labor in the three cities of Fall River, Chicago, and Dubuque. It is invaluable, as showing that the tendency of lower prices and to lower cost of living is still maintained. The statistics obtainable from Great Britain showed that during the same period the cost of living had increased nearly two per cent. It also appears that in the occupations covered by the inquiry wages in the United States averaged seventy-seven per cent. greater than in Great Britain.

The significance of the figures thus supplied cannot be overrated. They destroy the whole edifice of partisan misrepresentation, and sweep away utterly the lying pretenses upon which the supporters of Mr. Cleveland had hoped to conduct a successful campaign. Prices have not increased; wages have not declined. The influence of the so-called McKinley legislation has been in every respect beneficial, and its advantages will become more and more conspicuous as its operation reaches more widely diversified interests, and the business of the country adjusts itself to the permanent conditions which it tends to establish. The Republicans lost the country two years ago because a lying partisan press succeeded in deceiving the people as to the significance and purpose of this act. They will carry the country this time because, having discovered the fallacy of the Democratic argument and the falsity of their statements, the great mass of the people will act in obedience to the obvious suggestions of experience, no less than the dictates of patriotism, and give their votes for the utilization of our own resources and the promotion of the interests of our own labor.

MR. CLEVELAND AND THE BALLOT.

Does Mr. Cleveland approve of the debauchery of the ballot-box? Does he believe that the wholesale suppression of the votes of citizens entitled to the suffrage is a good thing for the republic? Is it his opinion that it is conducive to the safety of the State to permit fraudulent manipulation of the returns of elections and the consequent perversion of the sovereignty of the people? Mr. Cleve-

land is a citizen of the State of New York. He is familiar with the methods pursued last winter to defeat the expression of the popular will as made under constitutional forms, and to steal the legislative power of the State for nefarious partisan purposes. Does he believe that these methods are justified by any exigencies of partisanship, or that they can be defended upon any ground of public policy? We ask these questions because we find Mr. Cleveland, in his recent address in this city, earnestly deprecating any legislation looking to the protection of the suffrage and the maintenance of the right of every lawful voter in its unrestricted exercise. Mr. Cleveland is aware that the Federal legislation to which he takes exception contemplates nothing more than securing to every citizen, whether white or black, the right to vote and to have that vote honestly counted. He knows that in some of the States in this Union, North as well as South, this right is denied, and that thousands of citizens are disfranchised by intimidation and violence. In what way does he propose to prevent and punish this great abuse? What is his remedy for this crime against liberty and the constitutional rights of the citizen? If we are to accept his language in its obvious meaning he not only has no remedy to suggest, but he is in personal sympathy with those who thus seriously menace the most sacred immunities of citizenship and the security of the republic.

In this speech of ponderous platitudes he states that the Democratic party "are pledged to resist legislation" which looks solely to the prevention of practices which threaten the practical destruction of the elective franchise. And this resistance is to be "to the death." The shot-gun is to again become a factor in determining our elections. The country will not be slow to take note of the peculiar language of this statement. Coming from Mr. Cleveland, it will be accepted as an authoritative announcement of the Democratic purpose and policy upon one of the most important questions which occupies the popular mind. Legislation for the protection of the ballot-box and the vindication of the right of the citizen to the unmolested exercise of the ballot is to be resisted even unto blood.

Mr. Cleveland does not stop here; he goes on to declare that any attempt to enact Federal laws for the protection of the suffrage would be a menace to "rights reserved to the States and to the people." Are we to understand him as holding the doctrine that the Federal Legislature has no right to enact legislation with reference to Federal subjects, and that any attempt to define or regulate Federal elections would be an invasion of the sovereignty of the States? Is it possible that we have been for a century altogether mistaken in dealing with citizenship as a matter primarily of national concern, and that all our laws in reference to it, treating of naturalization, the conditions and limitations of the suffrage, the regulation of the methods, times, and dates of elections and their supervision, have been acts of sheer usurpation?

We are not prepared to believe that the American people will give Mr. Cleveland and his party the control of the government, standing upon avowals and pledged to a policy thus plainly hostile to every principle of public safety.

A REVOLUTION IN ART.

PROBABLY few who are not directly interested in artistic matters comprehend how completely the methods of pictorial illustration have been revolutionized, within less than a decade, by the perfection and the general employment of the various "half-tone" and "photogravure" processes of reproduction. These processes uniformly consist in the application of photography to the production of the metal plate to be printed from; so that the artist's drawing is transferred *fac-simile* to the printing-press without the intervention of the engraver. Previous to the introduction of these methods the illustrator was compelled, for the most part, to draw upon the block of wood which the engraver afterward "cut." Gustave Doré, for instance, worked in this manner. Nowadays the artist may make his drawing on cardboard with pen and ink, or wash it in with a brush, or paint it upon canvas with oils; and, for the sake of ease and freedom in details, this original may be made on an enlarged scale, to be reduced by photography to the size required by the magazine or newspaper page. It is also possible to retouch photographs with black-and-white wash, so that the picture reproduced from them by the photogravure process combines photographic accuracy with a tone-color or adjustment of values more or less artistic. The process picture, then, can be produced with greater facility, and at much less cost, than the wood engraving. Whether or not the result is as satisfactory from an aesthetic point of view depends upon the general standard of the engraving which the process cut replaces. A good "process" is better than a bad wood-cut, and *vice-versa*. The younger men among the illustrators, as a rule, prefer to have their work given to the public in *fac-simile*, without the intermediary of the graver's burin; while the veterans, who have spent half a lifetime in mastering the subtleties of line and tint "on the wood," sigh for the interpretation of the clear-cut block. It is noticeable that the great and old-established illustrated journals of France, England, Germany, Italy, and Spain, which continue to give all of their best work to the wood-

engraver, easily maintain their supremacy over modern competitors. In this country, however, the "process" has become the mainstay of illustrated journalism, and is rapidly gaining ground with the magazines. As a result, a great many journeymen of the art are already finding their occupation gone. Young men are not learning the "trade." The class in this branch at the Cooper Institute has been abandoned. While the great artists of the craft, like Baude in France, like Cole and Kingsley in America, will always find abundant recognition and patronage, and while the mere mechanics will always have catalogue or specialty work to do, the great middle class of wood-engravers is doomed to extinction.

THE MUGWUMPS IN COMMAND.

THE anti-snap Democrats of the Empire State seem to be in full command of the Democratic ship. With their mugwump associates they have driven the regular crew into the hold, and evidently propose to keep them there until the voyage is ended. Being themselves political saints, they see no reason why they should have fellowship with the desperate sinners who have heretofore had control in the party councils. All the indications go to show that the canvass is to be conducted upon strictly mugwumpian lines. Special prominence is given to those issues which the so-called independents esteem to be vital, while in every way possible the influence of the regulars is being minimized. While as yet no distinctive committee has been raised for the purpose of conducting the campaign independently of the regular constituted State committee, there is evidence that certain auxiliary committees, made up altogether of anti-snappers, mean to control absolutely the distribution of funds and the general work of organization throughout the State.

Of course the spectacle of the anti-snappers taking supreme control of the party and its candidate, and arrogating to themselves all the honors of command, must afford the most intense satisfaction to the gentlemen whom they have so often denounced as thieves and pirates and scoundrels of the deepest dye. Even Mr. Edward Murphy, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, seems to be bowing his neck to the yoke, while Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan, who a little while ago bristled with hostility to Mr. Cleveland and all his following, appears to be making his peace with the utmost docility. We shall not be surprised to find Messrs. Croker, Gilroy, and the rest abdicating all claims to consideration and gratefully accepting the bare privilege of falling in at the tail of the procession, while Messrs. Grace and Anderson and Coudert strut proudly at the head in all the pomp and glory of captains.

CHILI'S REPARATION.

THE action of Chili in making pecuniary reparation for the attack on American sailors by the Valparaiso mob has afforded very general satisfaction, not only because it is a justification of the policy pursued by President Harrison in reference to this unfortunate affair, but also because it shows that the Chilean government is by no means so incapable of doing an act of justice as some of its apologists in this country tried to make us believe some months ago. It will be remembered that certain mugwumpish organs insisted vehemently that Chili had nothing to apologize for, and that it was supreme folly to expect concession or reparation of any sort. These same newspapers indulged in wholesale denunciations of Minister Egan, representing him to be wholly incapable of conducting such grave and delicate negotiations as were intrusted to his hands. It now turns out that he has displayed exceptional sagacity in the whole affair. There is reason to believe that in view of the outcome of this lamentable occurrence and the voluntary recognition of the American rights in the case, we shall hear less of vituperative abuse of the American flag in Central and South American countries than we have been accustomed to for some years past. The amount of the indemnity, which is to be divided among the families of those who were killed in the Valparaiso riots, is seventy-five thousand dollars.

THE DOCTORS DIFFER.

MR. CLEVELAND has written a letter in which he characterizes the Force bill as "a horror of Republicanism." The doctrines of the bill, he says, are a "direct attack upon the spirit and the theory of our government, and it must be condemned and denounced by all those everywhere who love their country." And now comes the New York *World* with the declaration that this issue of the Force bill must take a place subordinate to the tariff, and with the further declaration that it would be "the height of folly to attempt to run a campaign upon an issue which the Republicans are not defending." It occurs to us that it might be well for Mr. Cleveland and his newspaper organs to come to some understanding as to the plan of the Democratic campaign. It is obvious that the party can hardly hope for success if it continues to scatter its fire as it seems just now to be doing. It must be said, too, that it seems rather curious to find Mr. Cleveland falling into the trap of the New York *Sun*, which is seeking to thrust the Force bill into prominence with a view of injuring his chances before the people.

HIS YOUNG WIFE.

(Continued from page 91.)

over it. She lost interest in her other child, her husband, her house, and all the world. After a while such intensity of grief wore itself out, as all emotions do, but somehow she never seemed to get back her interest in life. Reggy was devotion and sympathy itself to her. He, too, had been almost heart-broken at the child's death, but he had bravely buried his own passionate grief out of sight and striven to comfort and cheer his wife.

By and by she had ceased going out at all, and day after day lay listlessly on her couch. Physicians were called in who smiled cheerfully over her, wrote prescriptions, and prophesied she would soon be well; but she grew no better, and with a sigh for all he was giving up in his profession, her husband had decided to take her abroad, thinking surely something in that world of wonders would arouse and interest her.

"That was five years ago," he thought, bitterly, "and, by Jove! I've been a wanderer on the face of the earth ever since. Florida in the winter, Newport in the summer, Old Point in the spring, the Berkshire hills in the fall. Five years—and I hoped to have been in Congress before now! Well, well, it's rough on the poor little girl, too. I could bear it for myself, but poor little Jack—it just breaks my heart to see the little fellow so subdued and quiet and unchildish; slipping about like a lonesome little ghost, for fear he'll make a noise; and, worst of all, with no mother to guide and train him—just left to the tender mercy of servants."

And Marvin thought of a little scene that had been enacted that morning. Jack had come down to have breakfast with his father, and after it was done had come around to lean lovingly upon his knee. He was a queer, silent, self-contained little fellow, but as he lifted his hand Marvin noticed that the fingers were badly bruised.

"Why, Jack," he said, "what is this?"

"Oh, it's nothing," the child replied, drawing his hand away, but with his eyes filling with tears; "it's nothing. I was feeding the sparrows out of my window, and Norah told me to put it down, and there was one wee little birdie that hadn't had a bit of breakfast and I waited for him, and Norah got angry and banged the window down on my hand"—and the recital ended in a burst of sobs.

"Poor little man!" the father said, huskily, "poor little man!" and after a bit, when the child went up-stairs, there was more money clasped in the injured hand than was quite good for such a little fellow to have.

Marvin was thinking of all this as he sat in his library after dinner, and recalling the scene he had had with his wife when he had demanded that the girl be dismissed. The remembrance of her hysterical tears and cries that no one but Norah understood her poor nerves filled him with a compassion that was mingled with involuntary contempt for her weakness. At last, tired of his own companionship, he let himself out of the house and made his way toward a part of the city near the great medical university, and much frequented by the students.

A few minutes' brisk walk brought him to his destination and he entered a room whose occupants received him rapturously. It was a student's room, with a lamp burning softly on the table, and piles of books and costly cases of surgical instruments all about; from the top of a shelf a skull grinned down its sarcastic commentary on life. Everywhere were a thousand tokens of the pursuit of the occupants. One of these was toasting cheese before the open fire, the other was burlesquing a scene of the night before.

"You see, Reggy," he said by way of explanation, "last night our class gave a farewell banquet, and there was a good deal of what Dick Swiveller called 'the rosy,' and Professor Blank took a little too much, so several of us volunteered to see him home. On the way I said, 'Professor, what will Mrs. Blank say?' and he braced himself up and answered in that majestic way of his, 'Boys, in Rome there is room for but one Caesar.' Well, the phrase struck him as sounding fine, and so he went along the street mumbling it over and over—"In Rome there is—room for—but one Caesar." He was still repeating it in a husky and broken voice as we stood on his doorstep, when the window above us opened and Mrs. Blank put her head out. 'Don't trouble any further, gentlemen,' she said, 'I can take care of Caesar.' But you ought to have heard her voice!"

"Poor Caesar!" the others laughed.

"And so," said Marvin, turning to the one who was toasting cheese, "and so, Phillips, you and Graham are licensed to go forth and slay? I hear you did all manner of brilliant things at your examinations."

"Ye-es," returned Phillips, "we did fairly well, but you know 'man never is, but always to be, blest,' and we have just been sitting here trying to compute how many of our fellow-creatures we will have to sacrifice before we can afford a year in the Paris hospitals."

Reginald looked at him a moment in silence, and then said, "Do you know, that gives me courage to say something I came to say but doubt I should have done—" he paused in an embarrassed way and then burst out—"I don't know how to begin—I feel like I am a cad to do it at all, and if I am wrong I'll never forgive myself; and yet the happiness and well-being—I have had too many occasions to know the truth and loyalty of both of you to doubt for a moment that what I am going to say to you will be regarded as a confidence, and yet a man hates to open the door of his closet and say, 'Here is my skeleton,' to even his best friends."

"You both know my history too well for me to need to go into it now. You know that when I started out in life I was as devoted to my profession and as ambitious to rise in it as you are in yours. You know just as I felt my foot on the first rung of the ladder we lost our little girl, my wife fell into ill-health, and from that day to this my life has been spent in a sick-room, and of all that I dreamed and planned not one thing

has been done. We don't say much about our feelings now—it is not *fin de siècle*—but I tell you that it is the bitterness of death to see the men of inferior abilities we might have distanced outstrip us in the race—to feel that we are too heavily handicapped to even make a start."

"I could bear it all well enough for myself, but poor little Jack—how is he to grow up to be a good and noble man, left to the care of ignorant and cruel servants, and with no mother's counsel to guide him?" He paused a moment, and then went on abruptly: "We all talk a lot of rot about the growth of reason, and breaking loose from the swaddling clothes of our early raising, but I tell you in the great crises of a man's life he is not a reasoning animal. Some day when you are swinging carelessly along you come face to face with some great temptation, and you don't sit down and argue out that honesty is the best policy, or that virtue is its own reward, or any of the rest of it. Something that is the outgrowth of childish prayers lisped at your mother's knee, and long talks after she tucked you in the bed, bits of old tales and heroic deeds that stirred your pulses when a boy, impressions and feelings you had no name for—they all surge back on you and give you the backbone to choose what is clean and right and honest—or else you go wrong."

"I try, in a blundering sort of way, to get at my little man. I take him up to bed and we talk about giants seven feet high, and dogs and all that, and all the time I am miserably conscious I am out of place and his mother ought to be there. Only a mother's hand is light enough to touch the white lilies of holy things and not bruise and break them. When I think about my childhood and how my mother used to tuck me in the bed and sing,

"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,"

it seems to me all the good in me grew up about it. The other night I was at some minstrels, and a fellow with his face all blacked up with cork came out and sang a little ballad—something about a mother bending above a cradle, but it had that refrain, and it brought it all back so plainly—my own childhood—and I thought of my poor little fellow being put to bed by hired servants—and I pledge you my word I could have put my head down on the chair in front of me, as I saw a woman do, and sob."

"I know you are both thinking I am doing a dastardly thing in coming to you to complain of my wife. My only justification is this—I have come to believe she is a hypochondriac, and that if she can be roused up she may be cured. Yesterday I had Dr. C., the great specialist in nervous disorders, you know, to see her, and he said, 'I can find no symptoms of disease in your wife. She's a—a—a little hypochondriacal, perhaps. If—er—you could interest her in something outside of her own case—take a little trip somewhere—'

"Good God, doctor!" I said, "the only place I can think of that would have the charm of novelty for her is her own house."

"He smiled in that quizzical way of his and replied:

"Well, in my practice I have seen women who had been invalids for years cured by necessity. Husband would die, perhaps, and they would have to go to work, and that was the last of their nerves; but I don't recommend such an extreme course in your case," and he went off chuckling over his joke.

"Now, what do you think? Can we rouse Clara and save her from her own morbid fancies? Jack and I would be very grateful, and—and you needn't worry about a way to go to Paris."

Phillips laid his hand affectionately on his friend's shoulder.

"I believe we can, Reggy, but—but it's not for the check. I haven't fully hit on a plan yet, but you tell Mrs. Marvin that a great German specialist in nervous diseases is here, and you have made an appointment for him to come to see her at three to-morrow afternoon. Pile it on thick about his being the final court of appeals, and say his name is Herr Dr. Hypochondriacopobus. Going? Well, don't be downhearted; we'll pull her through in spite of herself." As the door closed upon Reggy he turned to his companion. "Graham," he asked, "can you do a bit of Dutch dialect?" and Graham answered "Yes."

The next day there was ushered into the Marvin residence a long-haired, gold-spectacled professor of singularly youthful appearance considering the eminence he had attained in his specialty. Phillips accompanied him, and addressed him with a voice that was hushed with awe and reverence. The great specialist gave Mrs. Marvin a most thorough and careful examination, and then turned to Phillips.

"I will with you confer," he said, abruptly, and they were shown into a room adjoining, and only separated from Mrs. Marvin's by portières. Accidentally—or was it design?—they stood so near the curtains the patient could hear every word they uttered.

"How many years," demanded the German savant, "hast she dau her husband? Ten—fifteen?" Mrs. Marvin fairly writhed on her couch with anger. She did not hear the reply. "You haf der proverb," the other went on, "a woman is as old as she looks. It is no use to do anything for her. She will not the year live out. Dere is too much ego in her cosmos. She lives on herself, her emotions, thoughts, desires. She haf no thought for der husband or der child. You haf one word for it—selfishness. She will die. It is better so. Der husband, young, handsome, rich, he will himself console; he will marry a pretty young wife."

Mrs. Marvin writhed with an agony that was not fancied now. Was it true? She had not thought to die. Was she going to die? And Reggy would marry—her Reggy—a young wife, and people would congratulate him and think him lucky to be rid of her? There was madness in the thought. For the first time in years she choked back the hysterical tears that she might hear what that deep, guttural voice was saying.

"She might get well? Undoubtedly, but she will not der effort make. It is better so, mine freund; der young wife will be der fitting mate for der handsome husband. Let us go."

Mrs. Marvin heard them go softly down the steps, and then

she rang her bell and gave peremptory orders to the servant who answered it that she was not to be disturbed on any account, and when the girl was gone she locked her door. All night she lay sleepless, going over and over again what the physician had said—she would die and Reggy would marry a young and pretty wife. Was it true she was so selfish? Conscience rose up in the silence of the night and reproached her, but above the voice of conscience was that of nature crying, "Your place will be filled with a young and pretty wife."

There was a little mirror near her on a table. She seized it and devoured her reflection in it, and then sent it shivering in a thousand pieces on the floor.

"I will not die!" she said between her set teeth. "I will be his young wife, and people shall not pity him because of me."

Next morning, as Reginald sat over his breakfast, feeling like a criminal, a note was brought him which read:

"DEAR REGGY:—You have indulged my whims so long, indulge them a little longer. Go to Boston for a month on that business trip you planned, and do not ask to see me before you go."
CLARA."

He did as she suggested, full of wondering as to the outcome of his ruse, but when he came back Clara, fair and pale, and a little wan, but exquisitely gowned, met him smiling in the doorway, and clinging to her in rapt wonder was little Jack.

"Reggy," said Mrs. Marvin, a few months later, across the breakfast table one morning, "wasn't it strange there was nothing said in the papers about that great German scientist who cured me?"

"Oh," her husband answered from behind his paper, "you know those great guns in science are as shy as school-girls."

But on an outward-bound Cunarder were two hilarious young students who made no secret of the fact that they were on their way to Germany to study nervous prostration under the great Herr Dr. Hypochondriacopobus.

THE PRINCESS.

She hath grave eyes and true,
Gray are they, or gray-blue,
Which see the sadness, folly, sin
Of this great world she liveth in,
And with a deep, compassionate gaze
She looketh down the bitter ways
Of sorrow, feeling everything!
For she is the daughter of a king.

She hath strong hands and small
That give and give their all,
Helping the weary, soothing care;
That with quick will the burdens bear
Of those so weak or full of woe
They sink and faint! And ever so
They to the poor sweet treasures bring,—
For she is the daughter of a king.

She hath light feet to run
From rise to set of sun
To do the deeds her heart requires,
Of granting generous desires
And spreading joy like flowers afield,
Where peace shall richest fruitage yield,—
Feet like the eagle's steady wing,—
For she is the daughter of a king.

And yet men note her not!
Hers is a little spot
On this round globe to grow and shine!
Yet such her sympathy divine
All love her, and her modesty
But veils her beauty. She can be
The oak to tower, the vine to cling,—
For she is the daughter of a king.

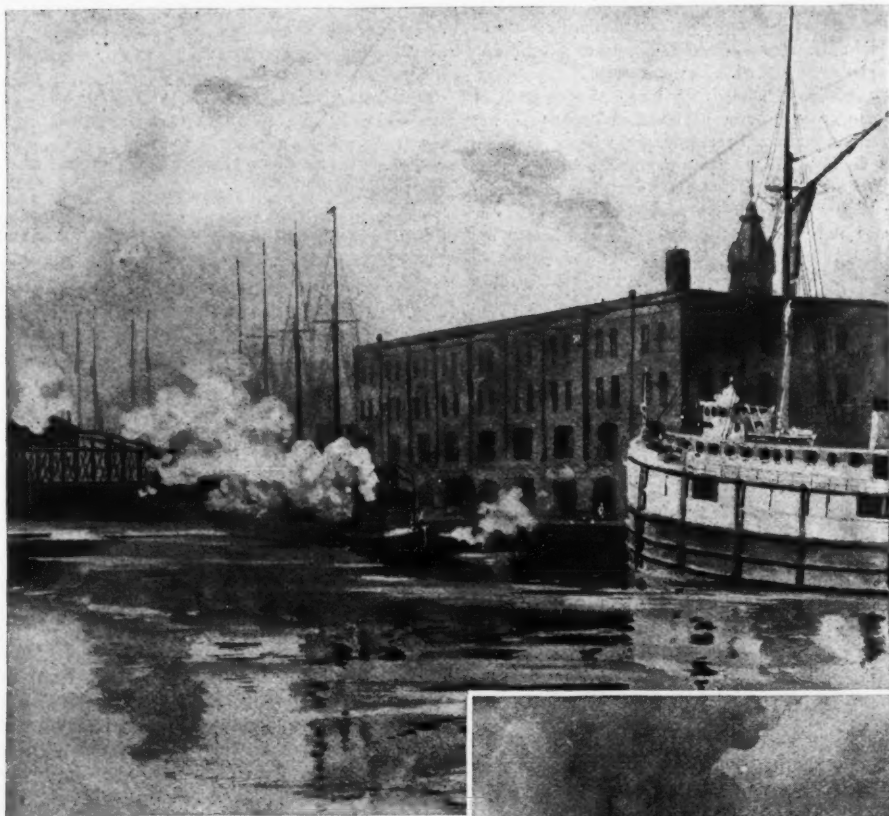
Time hence, when past her part
In cares of hand and heart
On earth shall be, and heaven beams
Upon her soul, like dreams of dreams!
Her comrade angels bringing her
To God's bright throne, a worshipper,
Shall hear His blessed welcoming,—
His child, the daughter of the King.

CORA LINN DANIELS.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. FRICK.

THE almost universal execration which the recent attempt to assassinate Henry C. Frick, chairman of the Carnegie Steel Company, has provoked throughout the country leaves no doubt at all as to the temper of the public mind concerning the murderous policy by which anarchists propose to right the wrongs of society. Even the workmen at Homestead, whose strike gave occasion for the outrage, vigorously denounced it, lamenting its possible effect upon the cause of labor. The perpetrator of the attempted assassination was a Russian Jew named Alexander Berkman, of New York. He succeeded in gaining entrance, on Saturday, the 23d of July, to the private office of Mr. Frick, in Pittsburg, and before relief could be summoned fired four shots, two of which entered the neck of the assailed official about the base of the skull, inflicting serious but not fatal wounds. The assassin also inflicted stabs upon his victim, which, however, proved not to be dangerous. As soon as possible the assailant was disarmed and committed to jail. The affair created intense excitement, and for a time it seemed that the assassin would be lynched. When questioned as to his motive for the deed, he declared that Frick was an enemy to the people, and that he had come to Pittsburg for the express purpose of killing him. It was feared at first that Mr. Frick would not recover, but within forty-eight hours he was able to give his attention to business, and caused it to be announced that he would continue to protect the interests of his company against the organized effort to destroy it.

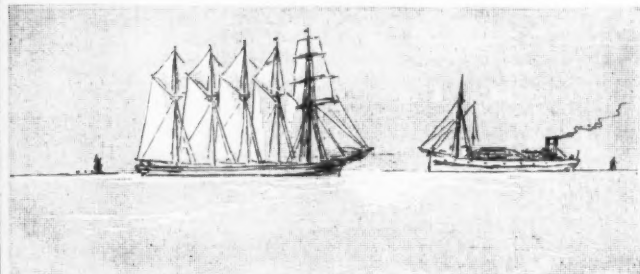
Berkman, the anarchist assassin, is but twenty-two years old, and claims to have been employed in a printing-house in New York. He seems to be a person of some education. The portrait of him which is given elsewhere shows that he is, in appearance, a typical anarchist.



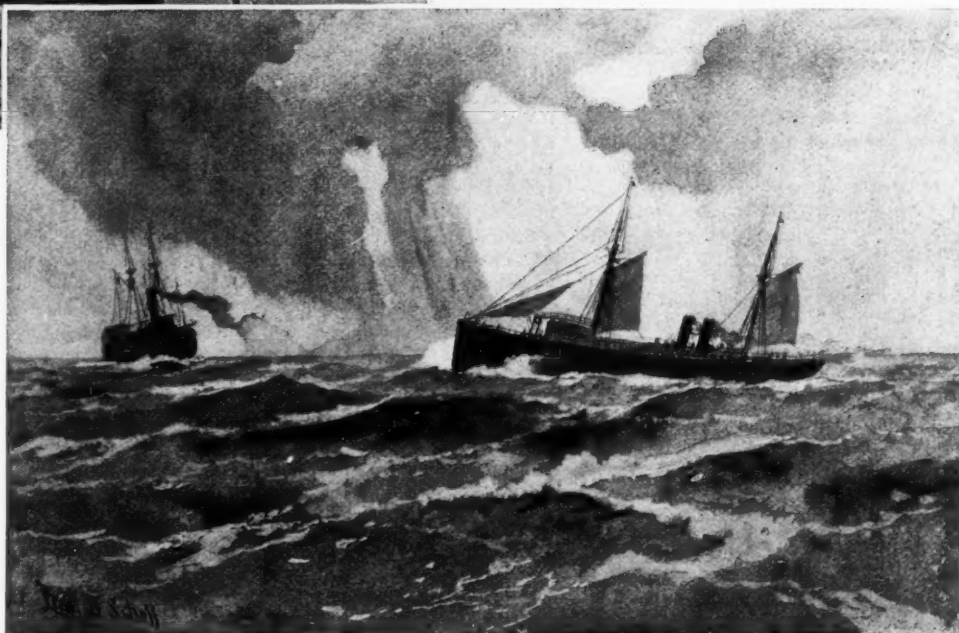
IN THE CHICAGO RIVER.



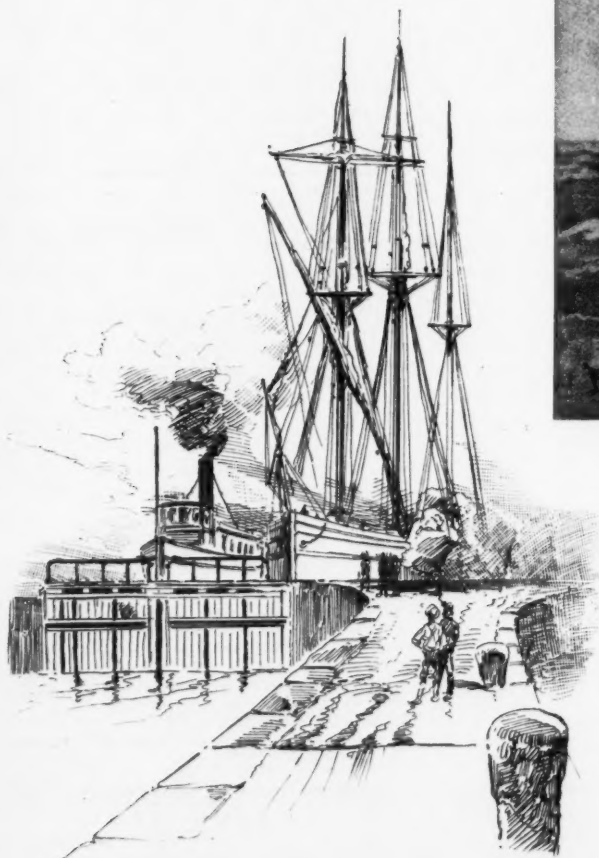
LAKE HURON, SEEN FROM SARINIA.



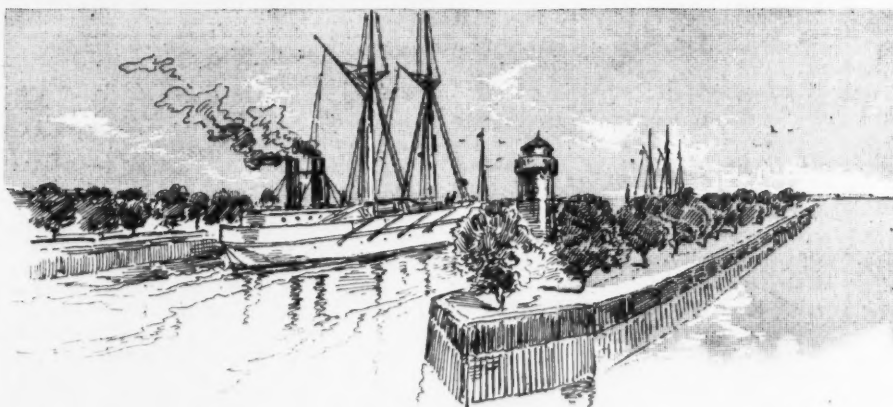
PECULIAR LAKE CRAFT.



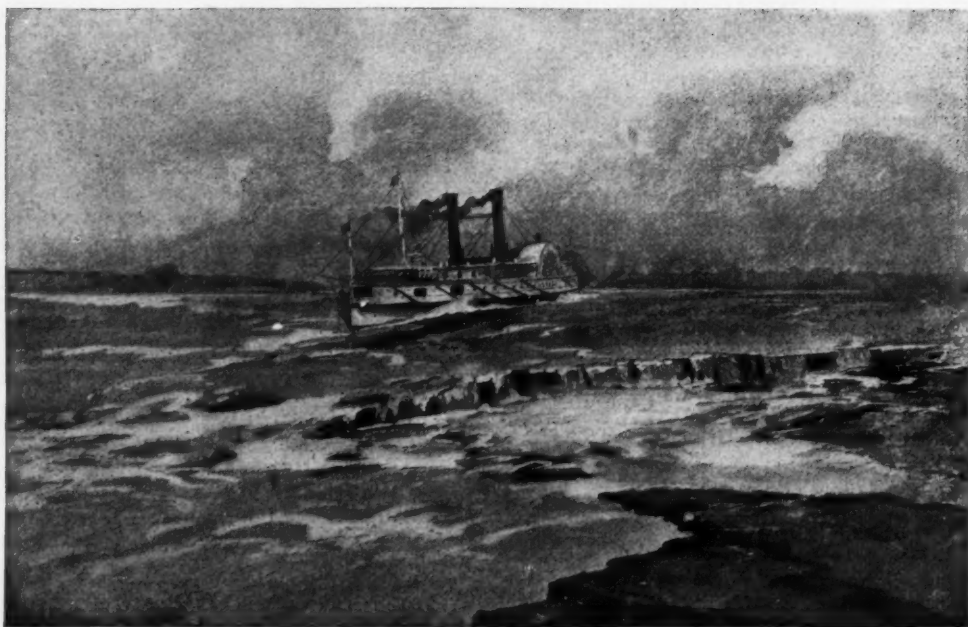
ROUGH WEATHER ON THE LAKES.



IN THE WELAND CANAL.



THE ST. CLAIR CANAL.



RUNNING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.



LACHINE CANAL AT MONTREAL.

FROM CHICAGO TO THE SEA—CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF OUR INLAND WATER-WAYS.—DRAWN BY F. B. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 97.]

JUDGE EMORY SPEER.

This gentleman, whose recent decisions enjoining the voting trust by which the Richmond Terminal Company controlled and managed the immense properties of the Central Railroad of Georgia have attracted widespread attention, is a native Georgian, and is probably the youngest Federal judge. He was a Confederate soldier at the age of sixteen. He was appointed solicitor-general of the State when twenty-three years of age, by the first Democratic Governor of Georgia elected after the war. At twenty-nine he was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress as an opponent of machine politics. As a member of the Elections committee he pursued an independent course—notably, by voting for Hon. W. D. Washburn against Ignatius Donnelly, in a celebrated election contest for Minnesota. Judge Speer was re-elected to the Forty-seventh Congress by an immense majority, again opposing the nominee of the Democratic organization. He was now made a member of the Ways and Means committee, and was one of the conferees between the House and the Senate on their disagreements on the Tariff bill of 1883. Immediately on the expiration of this term he was appointed, by President Arthur, United States Attorney for the Northern District of Georgia. Judge Speer now speedily evinced to the country his great ability as a lawyer and advocate. His successful prosecution of the Banks County Ku-klux, resulting in the conviction of eight white men for cruelly beating negroes because of their votes in a Congressional election—a case which produced the greatest excitement—was his *cause célèbre*. The prisoners were sentenced to a term of three years in the Albany (New York) penitentiary. The Supreme Court of the United States sustained the conviction in *Ex-parte Yarborough*, 110 U. S.—since then the leading case on national control of Federal elections.

Judge Speer was afterward appointed special counsel for the government in the celebrated election trials at Columbia, South Carolina, in the fall of 1883. He was nominated by President Arthur to the position of District Judge of the United States for



HON. EMORY SPEER, UNITED STATES JUDGE FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF GEORGIA.

the Southern District of Georgia, and was confirmed in 1885. His courts are held at Savannah, Macon, and Augusta, and he has presided in a multitude of cases of national importance. The most important of these was the conspiracy case, the United

States *vs.* Hall, Lancaster, and others—an indictment for conspiracy and the murder of a Mr. Forsyth, the agent of Mr. Norman W. Dodge, of New York, who is a large investor in pine lands in Judge Speer's district. After a most exciting trial, lasting more than a month, the conspirators, among whom was a lawyer with large practice, and the sheriff of a county, were convicted. The principal defendants were sentenced for life to the Ohio penitentiary. The conspiracy was designed to prevent Mr. Dodge from protecting his investments by suits in the United States Court.

Judge Speer is the author of "Speer on Removal of Causes," Little, Brown & Co., Boston. His decisions, published in the "Federal Reporter" and "Lawyers' Reporter Annotated," are noted for a strong and lucid style. He was eight years trustee of the University of Georgia, and, although a member of the Methodist Church, is the president of the law school of Mercer University, the principal Baptist college of Georgia and the neighboring States. His recent decisions against voting trusts and contracts to defeat competition, which have been generally discussed, will, if sustained, have the most important effect in defining the limits of stock control of corporate affairs.

HON ANDREW D. WHITE.

The career of the Hon. Andrew D. White is so well known, and has been altogether so honorable, that his appointment as United States Minister to Russia will afford almost universal satisfaction to the country. As an educator, a diplomatist, and an author, his work has possessed exceptional value. He represents our ripest scholarship, and in his public life his influence has at all times been, honestly, conscientiously and ably, on the side of pure politics and sound administration. It is an incident worthy of note that he was graduated at Yale College in the famous class of 1853, of which Hon. George Shiras, Jr., just nominated for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was also a member.



HON. ANDREW D. WHITE, RECENTLY APPOINTED UNITED STATES MINISTER TO RUSSIA. PHOTOGRAPH BY UNIVERSITY ART COMPANY, ITHACA.



GENERAL GEORGE R. SNOWDEN, COMMANDING THE PENNSYLVANIA TROOPS AT HOMESTEAD.—PHOTOGRAPH BY F. GUERKST.



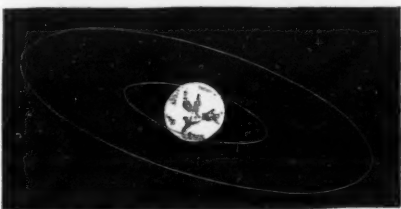
HON. GEORGE SHIRAS, JR., ASSOCIATE JUSTICE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.—PHOTOGRAPH BY DABBS, PITTSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 100.]

THE PLANET MARS.

At present there is great excitement in the scientific world on account of an approaching event of astronomical interest. On August 5th Mars will be only about thirty-five million miles away from the earth, an occurrence which only takes place once in fifteen years. This near approach of Mars to our earth occasioned the following remark made by Kepler: "It is from the knowledge of Mars that astronomy will reach us, and it is from the study of this planet that the future progress of our science will advance." This is indeed true, and although the study of Mars cannot be carried on very rapidly by astronomers, yet during the two centuries which have elapsed since the telescopic study of Mars began, many remarkable discoveries have been made as to the surface of the planet and other matters of importance. Owing to the vast improvements which have been made in the past fifteen years with telescopes, great discoveries may be looked for, therefore, when the observations of this planet are made next month. According to the latest discoveries it may be interesting to note two of vast importance, about which my father, Professor Richard A. Proctor, wrote as follows: "During the opposition of Mars in 1877 and 1879 Signor Schiaparelli found the narrow streaks (inlets) on Mars very clearly visible. He found that these markings were best seen after the planet had passed opposition, at a time corresponding to the end of the winter season of the planet's northern hemisphere, on which most of the streaks are situated. In the opposition of 1879 the markings were seen during the same part of the Martian year, corresponding to nearly the time of opposition. So far there was nothing especially remarkable in Signor Schiaparelli's observations. It was natural that the markings in question, whether they be regarded as inlets of the Martian seas or as rivers, should be more clearly seen after midwinter was past on the part of the planet to which they belonged, since either cloud or haze or snowfalls might be expected to hide them from our view while the Martian winter was in progress. But in the opposition of 1881-82 (actual opposition occurred on December 27th, 1881), Signor Schiaparelli made a series of observations which were justly regarded as surprising. He found that many of the dusky streaks, which he (somewhat rashly) called 'canals,' were doubled, two streaks being seen side by side where one alone had before been visible. No fewer than thirty duplications took place between December 9th, 1881, and

on a chart of Mars would present if we looked at a chart through a double-image prism. In some way or other they must (if we consider all the circumstances) be explicable as optical products. By this I do not mean that they are optical illusions. The diffraction disk of a star and the diffraction rings surrounding the star are not optical illusions, for they are really pictured on the retina of the eye. They are optical products, explicable by the known laws of optics. And I suspect that the double streaks of Mars will be explained by known optical laws, if we only look in the right direction." I have dwelt on this point, as it is of especial interest, and astronomers are at present watching Mars in the hope that their observations may throw some light upon these so-called "canals," as well as upon other phenomena.

Another remarkable discovery was made in August, 1877, by Professor Hall, of Washington. Until that time it had been a matter of surprise that Mars was unattended by a satellite, but on August 11th Professor Hall detected a

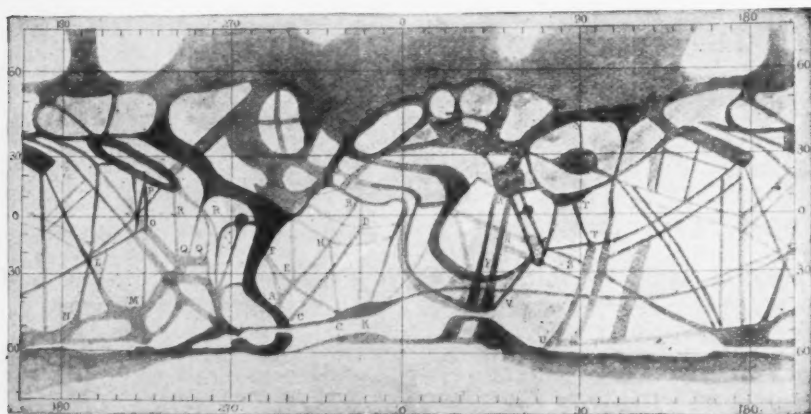


Orbits of the Martian moons, Deimos and Phobos, round the planet, as situated in August, 1877.

faint object near Mars, which proved later to be the outer satellite; and on August 17th he found another. The illustration presents the configuration of the orbits of these satellites around Mars at the time of their discovery.

But although the phenomena of the Martian satellites, Deimos and Phobos, are full of interest, yet these moons of Mars are very small bodies, and individually not much better worth considering than a pair of rather large meteorites. The question now is, what new discoveries will be made in 1892?

The astronomer who watches, during the approaching close approach of Mars to our earth, the slowly rotating lands and seas of the planet, can scarcely, however unimaginative he may be, avoid the thought that contests such as have raged upon our earth for the possession of various regions of our planet's surface may be in progress out yonder in space. Although armies



Signor Schiaparelli's chart of Mars.

February 22d, 1882. Enough has been learned to show that the duplications of the streaks is a phenomenon associated with the Martian seasons. It may be said, indeed, that so far as observation has extended, the streaks themselves, single or double, are only to be seen, or are, at least, only conspicuous, after the midwinter of the hemisphere to which they chiefly belong has passed." ("Old and New Astronomy," Part IX., p. 543.) Further on he remarks: "It seems to me clear that if we accept—and I think we must accept—Signor Schiaparelli's double streaks as actually seen, we cannot regard them as objective realities. Were the streaks 'canals,' and these canals duplicated, to say nothing of the subsequent disappearance and reappearance of the second canal (in each case of thirty or more), we should have to account for the duplication of canals, some of which must be nearly two thousand miles long and fifteen or twenty miles broad, the companion canal lying at a distance of about two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles from the first. This is manifestly incredible. But one only has to look at Signor Schiaparelli's chart of Mars to see the justice of Mr. Terby's remark that the 'duplicated canals' present precisely the appearance which single streaks

may be desolating the fairest regions of Mars, and warlike fleets devastating the seas, yet as our own earth amid the fiercest tumults presents to the other worlds that people space a peaceful exterior, so may it be with Mars. In imagination we can likewise observe the slow progress of the Martian day—the mists of morning gradually clearing away as the sun rises; the gathering of clouds toward eventide, though probably to pass from the skies at night, leaving the same constellations we see, shining with greater splendor through a rarer atmosphere. In the telescope we can clearly see the changes of the Martian day, for it reveals the long white shore lines, the clearing mists of morning, the gathering mists of night—and we know that there must be air currents in an atmosphere undergoing such changes. There must be rain and snow, thunder and lightning, tornadoes and hurricanes blowing more fiercely than those on our earth. After all, our greatest interest in Mars is owing to the fact that it so closely resembles our own earth. Indeed, as Flammarion quaintly expresses it in his book on the "Marvels of the Heavens," the world of Mars resembles the earth so much that if we happened one day to be traveling there and lost our way it would be almost impossible to recognize which

of the two were our planet. Without the moon, which would charitably remove our uncertainty, we would run a great risk of arriving among the inhabitants of Mars, expecting to descend into Europe or some other terrestrial quarter.

The planet Mars in our telescopes presents the same aspect as the earth must do to the inhabitants of Venus; a circular disk rather flattened, turning on itself in about twenty-four hours, furrowed from time to time by fleeting clouds, diversified here and there with dark and light plains; revolving obliquely on an axis, enveloped with an atmosphere. It has snow-covered poles, resembling our Arctic regions, partly melting in the spring of each hemisphere, and again forming in the autumn, according to careful observations made by Sir William Herschel. Yet this is, after all, but a supposition, for what reason have we for inferring that the two bright spots are formed in reality of ice and snow, or that the same elements with which we are familiar exist out yonder in space? We have unmistakable evidence of volcanic energy on this planet, from the fact that lands and seas exist, for a continent implies the operation of volcanic forces. Mountain ranges also exist of considerable elevation, which can be inferred from the outlines of the seas and lands. The land and sea surfaces on Mars are nearly equal in extent, and the seas are very singularly shaped, running into long inlets and straits, having a bottle-shaped appearance. The seas are of a greenish-blue tinge, resembling our own oceans in their general tint. These inlets and bottle-shaped seas break up the land surfaces in such a way that one could travel by sea between all parts of Mars; and then again, those who objected to sea-traveling might readily avoid it, being enabled to communicate with all parts of the planet by traveling across the continents, with the exception of one or two extensive islands. Even these, being only separated from the mainland by narrow seas, could be easily reached by the erection of bridges. The Martian engineers would find this an easy task, owing to the small force of gravity on the surface of Mars. A mass weighing a pound on our earth would weigh but six and a quarter ounces on Mars. Then again, the soil weighs less, mass for mass, than that of our earth. So that between the greater strength of the Martian beings (if such exist) and the lightness of the material used in constructing canals and bridges, we might reasonably conclude that all engineering operations on Mars would be much easier than on our earth.

But in one respect Mars differs essentially from our earth, and that is in the ruddy hue of its surface. Flammarion supposes that as from a distance our earth must appear tinted with green, on account of the color of its atmosphere, waters, and vegetation; so, he infers, must the ruddy hue of Mars be owing to the soil, atmosphere, and vegetation of that planet being shaded with red. A certain support is given to the idea by the circumstance that the degree of ruddiness is variable, and is somewhat greater during the Martian summer than in spring and autumn. In this sense we may say of the summer of Mars, with the poet Wendell Holmes:

"The snows that glittered on the disk of Mars
Have melted, and the planet's fiery orb
Rolls in the crimson summer of its year."

But this ruddiness can be accounted for otherwise than by supposing that the Martian forests glow with fiery foliage during the summer days. We can see, as the summer proceeds, the white mists which had hidden the planet's seas and lands breaking up, and the features of the surface being gradually revealed with more and more distinctness. It is to the disappearance of these mists and clouds, not to the red foliage of the Martian trees, that the change in the planet's color must most probably be referred. We cannot tell what the nature of the soil of Mars may be, but its generally ruddy tinge, so well marked,—though the telescope shows an almost equal amount of the surface to be greenish in hue, the red, however, prevailing—gives to the planet, as seen by the unaided eye, its obvious red color—showing that it resembles the red sandstone of our earth. This, we know, is one of the older geological formations, and if we could safely compare terrestrial with Martian geography—or, let us say, geology with aerology—we might almost be tempted to find in the present prevalence of a tint belonging to one of the earlier of our terrestrial formations an argument in favor of the theory that Mars passed through fewer stages of development during its life-bearing condition than our earth, and that thus the latter formations of our earth's surface are wanting in the surface of Mars. According to my father's theory, "We may therefore well believe that the ruddiness of the soil of Mars is due to the same general cause as the ruddiness of our red sandstone—the general prevalence of certain organ-

isms; but neither the actual character of this particular formation nor its position in the terrestrial series of strata can be safely predicated of the ruddy formation constituting the chief part of the land surface of Mars." It has been usual to ascribe the ruddy light of Mars to an extensive and dense atmosphere, owing to a strange mistake made by the early astronomers, who assigned to the atmosphere a depth of many hundreds of miles. They inferred this from the fact that the stars seemed to disappear from view at some considerable distance from the planet; but from more careful observations made by Sir J. South and other observers, it has been proved abundantly that the atmosphere of Mars has no such depth as Cassini and others of the earliest telescopicists imagined. The spectroscope, that invaluable aid with the telescope in the study of astronomy, has revealed the existence of water on Mars, and of a stable atmosphere, in which the vapor of water rises. If the air were formed of other gases, the spectroscope would probably reveal their existence, which has not happened. Thus the fundamental characteristics of our earth are found in Mars, adding greatly to the interest in its study by terrestrial observers.

The ruddy appearance of Mars made it more remarkable than it would otherwise have been, to the observers of old. They noted that the brightness of the planet was variable in this respect; sometimes approaching the planet Jupiter in brilliancy, and at other times scarcely exceeding Saturn. It was some time before astronomers detected the fact that the brilliancy of Mars was always greater when he came to opposition in one particular region of the Zodiac, and that the cycle of variation was, on an average, about every fifteen years. Thus Mars, shining with a ruddy light, which mysteriously waxed and waned, was selected in ancient times as the planet of war,—in fact the ruddy hue of this planet apparently justified the evil influence attributed to it by the astrologers of old, who professed belief in planetary influences. The Greeks called Mars the fiery planet; the Hebrews gave it a name meaning "enkindled"; the Indians called it *Angaraka*, or burning charcoal, and sometimes *Lohitanga*, or the red orb; and Congreve, our English poet, wrote of it as follows:

"Mars, the fierce god of war,
Of discord dire; and slaughter—
Bellona's aid, the scourge of Providence;
Lord of the fiery steed and armed car;
Hasting to death, to desolation fell!
Pompous and proud, and in his hour of glory,
Where death shafts thicken—where life's crimson
stream
Ebb's fastest!"
July 20th, 1892. MARY PROCTOR.

YACHT-RACING.

THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB AND LARCHMONT REGATTAS.

COMPARATIVELY flat as yacht-racing has so far been this season, some brilliant exceptions must be noted. The fact that the racing course of the Atlantic Yacht Club is partly an open-ocean one commends it to sea-going yachtsmen, and the regatta of this club has been so much the "yachtiest" of the season that we illustrate it, as seen from the decks of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair*. It was in this regatta last year that *Gloriana* first showed her supremacy, and commenced her unbroken series of victories; and the fleet of forty-sixes that was making things hum about that time is sorely missed at present. The *Wasp*, built to beat the *Gloriana*, has had several hollow victories when sailing with *Clara* and *Gulnare*, but no chance to meet her rival. Her performances have been watched by betting men so that they may gain an inkling of what her gait will be when Greek meets Greek. But races of a new flyer with out-of-date boats tell little, and there is a shrewd suspicion that under the same conditions *Gloriana* would have beaten these boats worse than *Wasp* did. It may be noticed, though, that in the last race with *Nautilus*, *Wasp* beat her nineteen minutes to the farthest buoy, but lost time on the run back. Now *Nautilus* cannot catch *Gloriana*, or even hold her, on any point of sailing. Argal!—well, the argal is sufficiently clear.

On our side of the water there is one chief query, "Is *Wasp* going to fulfill her mission?" What her slowness may do in light winds is impossible to say, but so far I fail to see that she has shown *Gloriana's* ability in a heavy sea. Of course, to still vow by *Gloriana* seems like taking the Herreshoffs' name in vain; but I am by no means assured that the local gods of yacht building feel entirely certain of their latest production when it comes to hitting into hard weather. Let others follow their own intuitions; but if it be a heavy day my carpet-bag goes up on *Gloriana*. Half a gale of wind,

Gloriana! and with all my worldly goods I thee endow!

When *Wasp* was too far ahead to make her interesting, the chief excitement of this Atlantic Yacht Club regatta was the hammer-and-tongs tussle between the schooners *Shamrock* and *Marguerite*. Mr. J. Rogers Maxwell deserves his three successive victories with *Shamrock*. Last year, purely for good sport, he put \$14,000 into a racing forty-six, which proved a failure, and it is felt that luck owes him something, and is properly repaying him now that he has turned his 70-foot sloop into a schooner and is winning every race.

In the fluky, spotty breeze of the bay we gained several minutes lead, on *Marguerite*, which she almost picked up again when both boats struck the ocean wind at Sandy Hook and were beating out through the angry seas on the bar. *Marguerite's* extra weight and length here told in her favor, though after we cleared the Scotland Lightship and hammered out for another five miles to windward the ocean seas fitted the *Shamrock's* length better, and she fought for every inch of her lead. It is blowing pretty fresh when boats of this kind have to clew down both working gaff topsails in a race, and from the decks of such steam yachts as were weatherly enough to follow out, the two white schooners must have looked wonderfully well as they lanced like swordfish through the sun-lit, foam-capped waves, with all their canvas flattened in, and not a shiver in it anywhere.

On the run back and on the quarterly run up the bay it was strange how the *Marguerite* held the lead she had gained, for we were carrying the largest staysail aloft and were turning off water at the bows like a railway snow-plow through a five-foot drift, and leaving a wake that could be seen streaming out behind us for a quarter of a mile in a white line where the yacht's keel had ground the green water to white powder.

Still, the *Shamrock* got away with the mug, with minutes to spare, and that's what we were after.

Quite different, but very complete in its way, was the success of the Larchmont regatta. There the landlocked waters were calm in spite of a rattling breeze. A good many yachts which were entered did not compete. Perhaps the owners got up tired that morning; or, more likely, preferred to enter other lists where the prizes were more numerous and of far more value. For I think all the youth and beauty, lissom figures, English accent, and breezy costumes in the country were clustered at Larchmont that day, and none but yachting fanatics will throw stones at those who knew where they could have the pleasantest time. And, by the way! that hideous white yachting-cap is disappearing, and girls are going back to the round sailor-hat, which lends to a young face such a give-you-my-whole-heart expression. Though as to hats and costumes there seemed to be no particular fashion. It was a go-as-you-please, but as-nice-as-you-can. One hat, a long, light cream felt, with a *Gloriana* bow and the keel on top, seemed new and apropos; and some of those clinker-built dresses (I think Godey's calls them "accordion-pleated," but I don't run my fashions according to Godey's) gave some very Loie Fuller serpentine dance effects in the high wind. These lapstreak things are a silent guarantee that the pale blue *fleur-de-lys* in a black silk stocking will not, on a yachting day, be born to blush unseen, nor will the desert air consider their sweetness wasted.

I suppose somebody won. But nobody at Larchmont cared a rap about this point. The men in those abdominal gayeties called Gordon sashes seemed to care little when the other contestants, assisted by long glasses and wide straws, were progressing favorably. I sailed on that winner of many victories, the schooner *Viator*, owned and sailed by Mr. W. Gould Brokaw; and what for a while held me speechless with surprise and pleasure was to see Mrs. Brokaw steering the big yacht—handling the wheel with the same skill with which she can tool a four-in-hand. Some people seem born to do a lot of things well, and very young Mrs. Brokaw has as good a poise on the plunging deck of a yacht as she has when seated on a plunging horse. At pool the bride has few equals, as some have found out, to their masculine sorrow.

All we did was to outsail the competitors, *Azalea* and *Peerless*, and then take a wrong course through not reading the rules. This put the *Viator* out of the race, but Adam did not blame Eve for it, and everybody had a good time except Frank Morrell, who says he will never again sail when there are women on board. He was hoisted on a halliards by his suspenders till they carried away; was also hung by the neck and hauled along the deck

on his back; his shoes were slung over the cross-trees, and finally he was tied up in the huge spinnaker bag to be sent ashore. He had a bad time, but after dining us all at his beautiful estate he was as fit as a fiddle when we drove back to see the fire-works and illumination of yachts in the idyllic little club harbor.

At the regatta-night entertainment of the Larchmont Club were two performers on the zither who, when they played "Come again, nightingale!" could draw the champagne soul out of every man in the rooms. These alternated with other musical specialists, variety-song men, and a "profesh" raconteur who simply owned the club house after each story.

Just note one thing! The ladies arrived here at ten in the morning. They were entertained in the most perfect way till ten at night; and then for "the boys"—grave and reverend seigniors, many of them—the fun went on—well! our party arrived at our host's at 3 A.M. And I wish to simply remark that the club that can and will give so much pleasure in so perfect a way really deserves to live on forever.

STINSON JARVIS.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.]

How thoroughly appreciative of anything approaching a bargain is the heart of the average woman!—and when the bargain is beyond a doubt genuine, then, indeed, does joy reign supreme in her gentle breast. It is scarcely possible to enumerate all the particularly cheap articles which are offered now on the shop counters, but there is hardly a line of goods which cannot be bought remarkably cheap. While these clearance sales are going on, Fashion apparently lies a-sleeping; but could we penetrate to the inner recesses of her realm, we would find a deal of planning going on for the coming season, with many rich surprises in store for us, no doubt. Perhaps it is a wise dispensation, after all, for if we were to know the secrets of what is to come we would hardly be so content with what the present affords.

The only points of interest in costumes just now are sleeves and the arrangement of lace upon bodices. Sleeves are gathered from shoul-



WATERING-PLACE TOILETTE.

der to elbow, are extremely wide, and are edged with a frill of lace. Shot velvet is the latest extravagant fancy, of which I have spoken before.

The popularity of lace as a garniture seems not in the least to abate—in fact, it is almost becoming monotonous, at any rate, the mode of filling it around the shoulders. The veriest novelty is the lace *baroir*, which is a fall about eighteen inches in depth, gathered across the lower edge of a yoke, and falling below the waist line. Chantilly is the most effective lace for this purpose. The line of the yoke should round up to the shoulders, and it may have a full ruche of doubled lace or chiffon as a head-dress for the flounce.

In the way of jackets the Eton is seen principally upon costumes of cloth or serge, while the bolero shapes are reserved for more dressy toilettes. It is found on the majority of light summer dresses, made of embroidery, velvet, or

jet-spangled net. Besides the jet there are those which are shaded in various hues, and interspersed with dull-colored silks and gold thread. Some of the prettiest of these jackets are frequently made of plain velvet, but very narrow, to show a wide expanse of bodice drapery in the front, and outlined down each side with a deep graduated jabot of lace. A handsome example is given in the watering-place toilette illustrated. The material is a water-green silk, brocaded with mauve flowers, garnished with embroidery in mauve and gold. The Figaro jacket is in mauve velvet embroidered in gold, and the full sleeves are banded with ribbon velvet in mauve. The hat is a black crinoline, with garnitures of Irish lace and maize velvet, with a "Mephisto" aigrette in jet.

Cherry color is one of the fancies of the moment for hat garnitures. A pretty example is a Leghorn, trimmed with rosettes of cherry-colored piece velvet, held in place by quills made of black ostrich feathers, which are much more pliant and graceful than those of the ordinary variety.

A few changes have recently appeared in the sailor hat. One has a brim much narrower than has taken the preference throughout the summer, with a manly bow of black ribbon tied round its well set-up crown. Another, the very newest of all, has a straight brim, and a crown considerably larger at the top than at the base. It is made in every color, and one displayed in a show window was of a tan coarse straw, trimmed with a wide bow of ribbon, striped in pinks and browns and greens. A decidedly oval shape is particularly pretty in the palest shade of green, turned up rather more on one side than the other, and trimmed with a fancy ribbon of shaded greens and pale coral. A very suitable hat for traveling, with but a faint suspicion of the sailor in its shape, is of plaid straw, and is trimmed around the crown with a twist of brown velvet, and double bands of green and pale yellow ribbon tied at the side in high bows, and held in place with speckled quills. It is extremely stylish, and nearly all the millinery at present merits the same distinction, with the added advantage of being on sale at a moderate price.

ELLA STARR.

FROM CHICAGO TO THE SEA.

OUR great inland lakes have been a coequal means of developing our matchless western and northwestern country. The strides made in marine architecture and, above all, the enormous increase of iron ship-building facilities upon the Great Lakes, has completely revolutionized their navigation. The sailing-vessels, the large square-rigged ships, even the characteristic "propeller" with her "tow" of two or three shabby-looking barges, are fast disappearing from lake commerce. In their place are iron and even steel propellers, of three to four thousand tons burden, built in a first-class manner in every respect, and fully as staunch and as seaworthy as any ocean-going vessels of their size; and one hundred per cent. better built than the English-built ocean-going "tramps" which infest New York harbor, looking for freight at starvation rates. In fact, in the case of Clyde-built boats brought over from England for the lake traffic in iron ore, after a year's service they had to be thoroughly overhauled and strengthened before they could be put into service again; while American-built ships, with the same amount of wear and tear, were as good as new.

Chicago, the western terminus as well as the principal point and headquarters for lake navigation, is just about forty-five hundred miles from Liverpool. In the matter of the grain trade, which forms so great a proportion of its commerce, it occupies a somewhat similar position with Odessa in Russia. The latter port, however, is not hampered by canal impediments, rapids, and rock-bound channels; there is no transshipment of grain there, whereas all grain shipped at Chicago for the direct water route is carried in other bottoms across the Atlantic, from Montreal. Ocean-bound steamers come up to their docks at Montreal drawing twenty-seven and one-half feet, whereas nothing can go through the Welland or St. Lawrence canals, when completed to the new depth, drawing over twenty feet. It is, of course, a long-cherished hope with all the lake ports, both on the Canadian and American sides, that through communication with Liverpool will be, during the open season—say six months in the year—as much a matter of every-day occurrence as such traffic at New York. At present writing this does not seem probable, although engineering science and lavish outlay of money may yet accomplish much in the future.

The general water-route starting from Chicago is by Lake Michigan, through the Straits of Mackinac into Lake Huron, thence through the

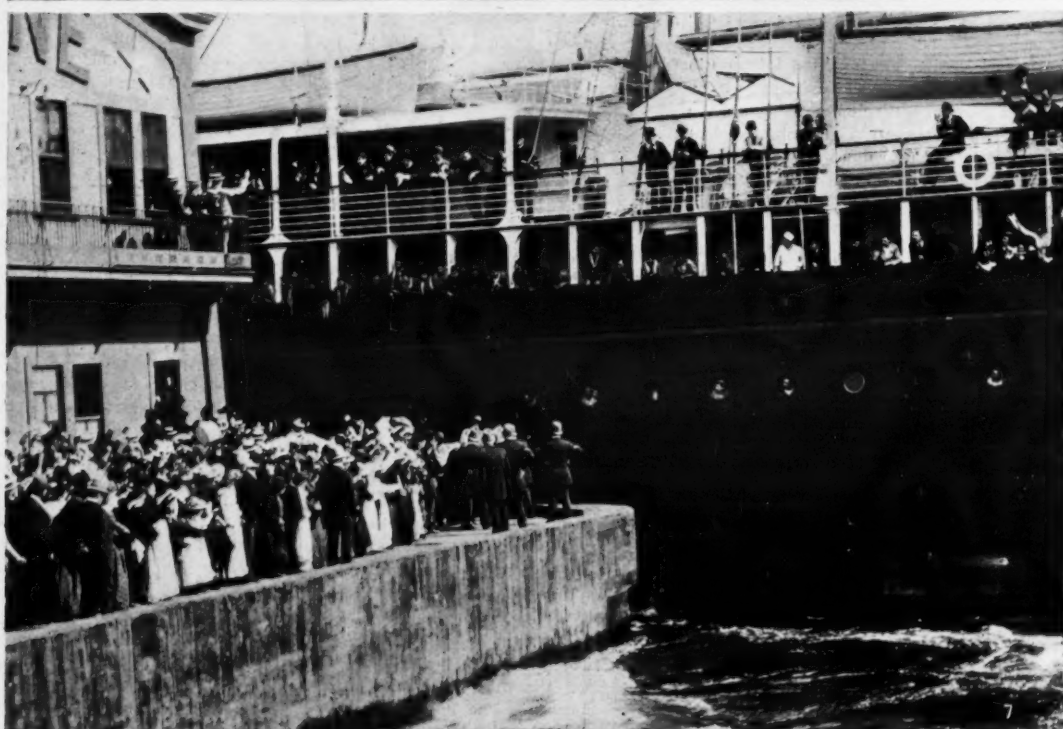
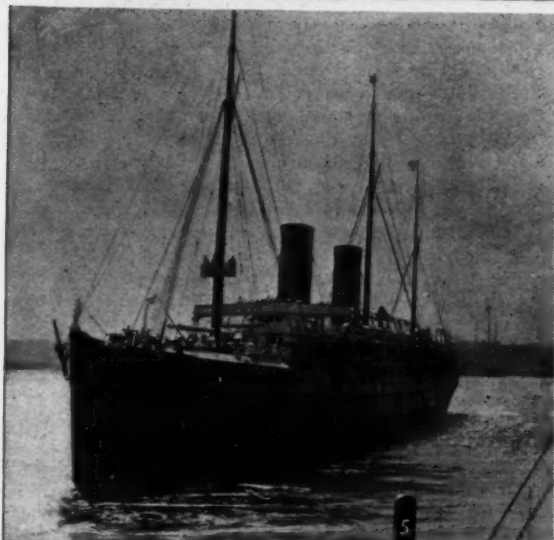
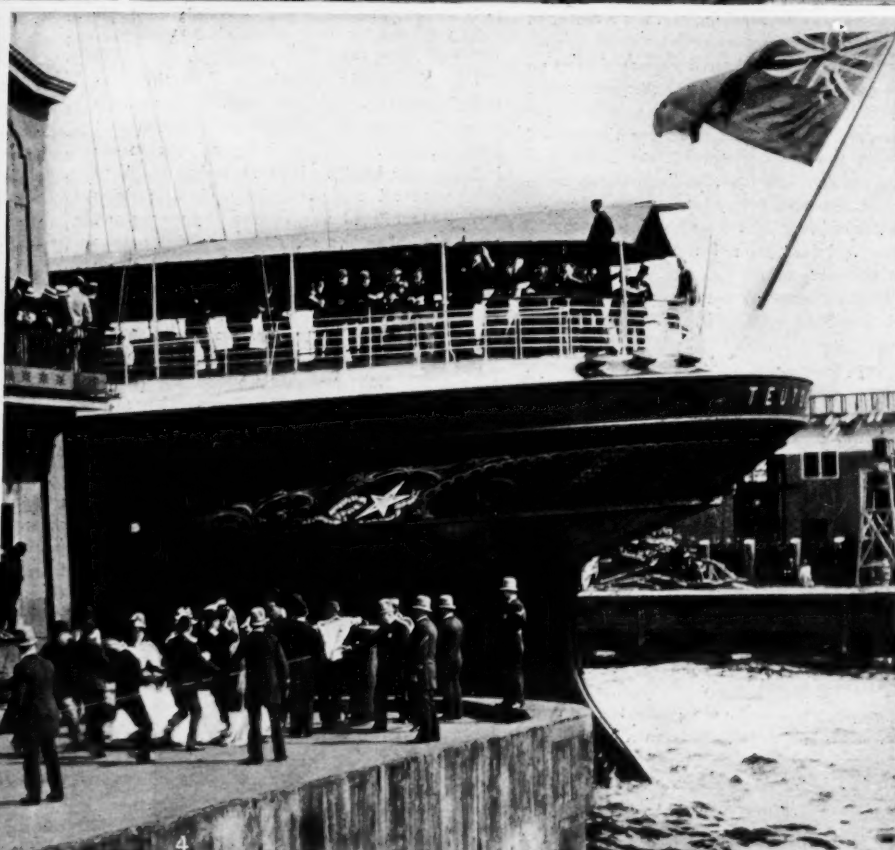
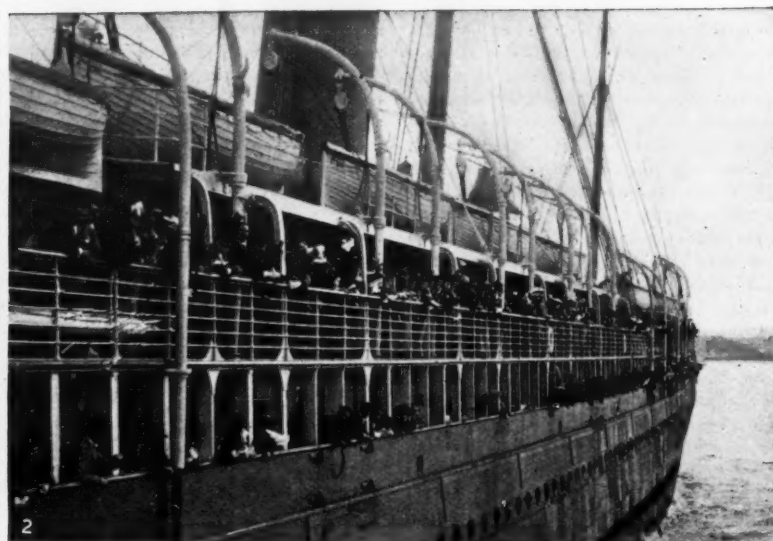
St. Clair River and lake and government canal on the St. Clair Flats, and the Detroit River, and one finds one's self on the shallow and treacherous waters of Lake Erie. At Buffalo deep-water lake navigation ends. The greatest cataracts and water-falls in the world interpose themselves between the hands of commerce, which stretch out to grasp each other. But science and money combine to override these difficulties, and the Welland Canal, starting at Port Colborne in the Province of Ontario, runs almost due north and finds an outlet on Lake Ontario at St. Catharines and Port Dalhousie, thus going completely around Niagara Falls and the stormy river. From Port Dalhousie the steamer makes her way through Lake Ontario, Galop's, Rapide-Flat, Farran's Point, Cornwall, Beauharnais and Lachine canals to the stone docks at Montreal, and so on past Three Rivers and the stately Quebec, and thence down the St. Lawrence River into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and eastward across the Atlantic to Liverpool.

Of Chicago, the parent of all this wonderful commerce, a book might easily be written of its miraculous growth. Now that she has become a World's Fair city, Chicago has taken on an international complexion she has never before worn. On its lake front little or nothing is done from a commercial standpoint. Too late to repair the damage except at a fabulous cost, Chicago, in a nascent period, selected the ditch which cuts the city into three parts and dignified it by calling it the Chicago River, and chose it as her harbor. The lake front provided no natural harbor, and years before the government breakwater became a fact the entire lake commerce of the Windy City found its ebb and flow from the river. Now this river-ditch has become a menace and a terror to the health of the city, but it is too late now to make a change, and the lake front must always remain a pleasure ground.

The largest steamers of the lake fleet do not go above the Clark Street bridge. There is no room for them to enter docks, if there were any; they are tied up lengthwise between the Clark Street and Rush Street bridges, and some smaller ones as far up as the Kinzie Street bridge. There is a dangerous turn in the stream at Kinzie Street, and owing to the river's crowded condition big propellers, like the *Owego* or *Tioga*, could not make the turn. The Chicago River is not formed by Lake Michigan, but, on the contrary, is a feeder of the great inland sea. The river has two branches, one from the north and one from the south, which uniting, flow almost due east through the city. Chicago's lake freight consists very largely of breadstuffs, but within the past five years she has made such enormous strides in manufactures, and particularly in iron and steel, that iron ore is one of the principal items of her commerce. In fact, Chicago has become a great iron-ore centre, not only from the fact that her manufactures in this direction have increased so largely, but, being the natural commercial metropolis of the West and Northwest, she has also grown into a great iron-ore trading centre. Besides the great increase in the number of foundries, machine-shops, boiler, car-wheel, stove, and steam-fitting works, iron ship-building has taken quite a start, a 4,600-ton steel steamer having already been launched from the yards of the Chicago Ship-building Company for the Minnesota iron trade; and there is no dearth of orders for similar vessels. Five years ago vessels of that tonnage were brought in sections to the Great Lakes and then put together.

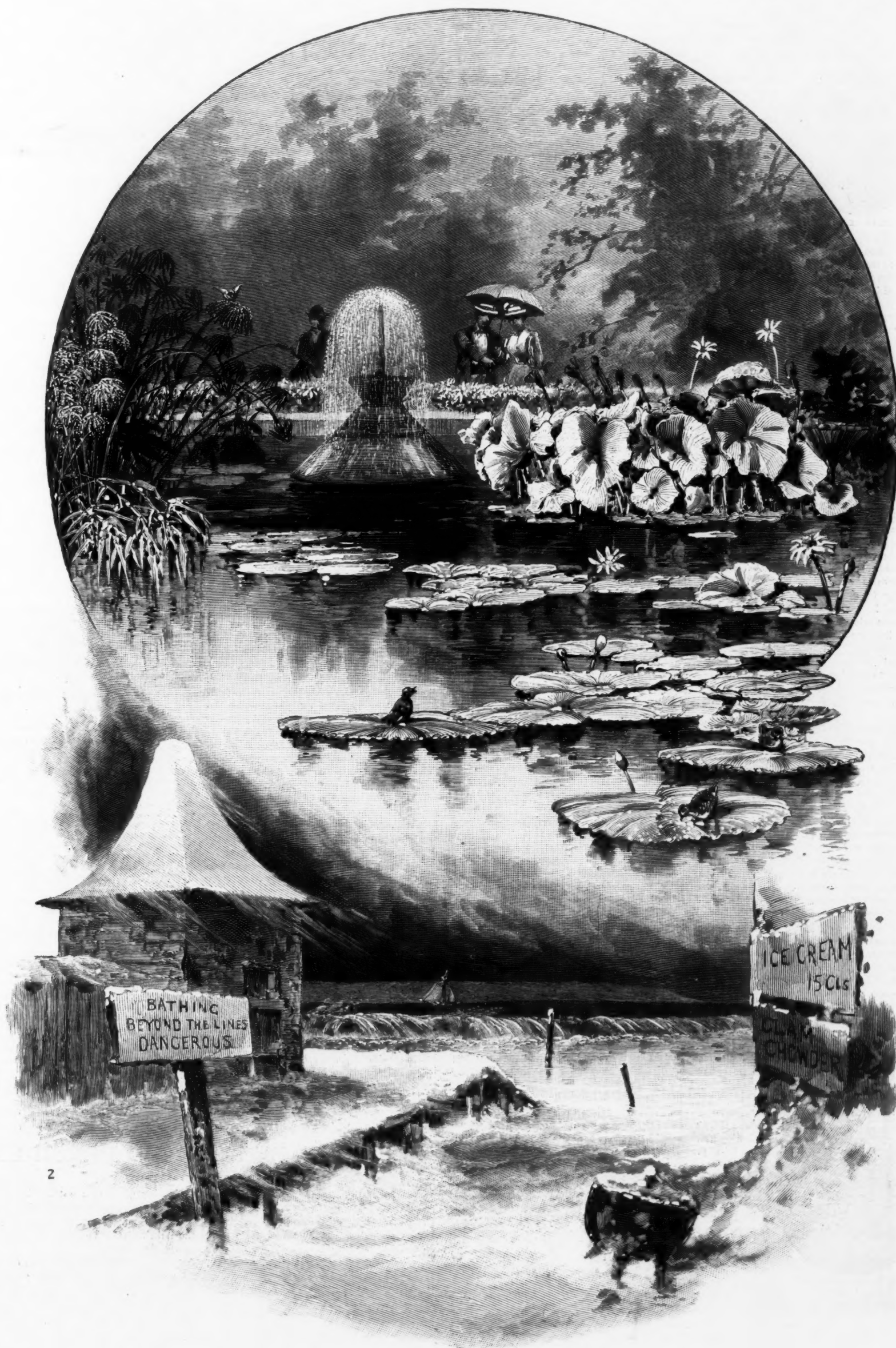
Some idea of the lake traffic may be formed when the aggregate entrances and clearances in 1890 numbered 88,280, out of which 21,054, measuring 10,288,688 tons, were at Chicago. From its invincible natural advantages Chicago must grow every year. Its commerce, both by rail and water-way, draws for its supplies upon the whole of that great surrounding country. Its "school census," just completed, gives it a population of one million and a half. No doubt some of these figures are the product of a local enthusiasm, but be this as it may, in all the attributes which contribute to make a city a great commercial centre, Chicago has them all. Although twelve hundred miles inland, "Chicago to the Sea" will some day be an accomplished fact. Money will be found to deepen the canals, steamers will be built, and there will be a continuous water-way from the piers or docks on the Chicago River to those on the Mersey. No doubt the greater part of the foreign exhibits, particularly heavy machinery and other merchandise of great bulk, intended for the World's Fair will find its way to the exhibition by the route of "Chicago to the Sea."

The illustrations given on another page furnish the reader a glimpse of the character of the water-ways and points of interest on the route from the western metropolis to the eastern seaboard.



1. BELATED FRIENDS HURRYING TO THE STEAMER. 2. "GOOD-BYE." 3. CAUGHT IN THE JAM. 4. BACKING OUT FROM THE DOCK. 5. CLEAR OF THE DOCK.
6. STEERAGE PASSENGERS AND THEIR BAGGAGE. 7. THE GREAT SHIP IN MOTION—PARTING SALUTATIONS.

OFF FOR EUROPE—DEPARTURE OF AN OCEAN GREYHOUND.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 100.]

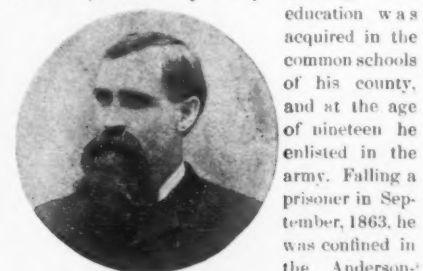


1. LILIES IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, IN SUMMER. 2. CONEY ISLAND IN WINTER.

A REALIZATION AND A MEMORY.

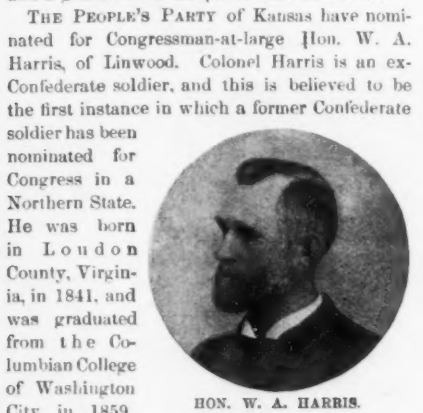
RECENT NOTABLE NOMINATIONS.

HON. ABRAHAM W. SMITH, the Republican candidate for Governor of Kansas, is a native of Maine, and is forty-nine years of age. His education was acquired in the common schools of his county, and at the age of nineteen he enlisted in the army. Falling a prisoner in September, 1863, he was confined in the Andersonville prison for a year and a half, when he was released. The iron regions of Pennsylvania attracted him, and he secured employment in the Cambria mills as a day laborer, and gradually worked his way up to the position of foreman. He remained there several years, when he settled on a farm in McPherson County, Kansas. He displayed a taste for politics, and was soon recognized as a leader, his county electing him to the Legislature five successive terms. In the winter of 1887 he was made speaker of the House of Representatives, which distinction brought him into prominence as a candidate for Governor four years ago. He was, however, defeated in the nominating convention by Lyman D. Humphrey, the present Governor. Mr. Smith has been actively engaged in agriculture during his entire residence in the State of Kansas. He is president of the State Board of Agriculture, and the State World's Fair Bureau. Last year he was unanimously elected president of the National Farmers' Congress, made up of the leading agriculturists in the United States. Mr. Smith has the reputation of being an able legislator, a forceful and convincing public speaker, and a gentleman of irreproachable character.



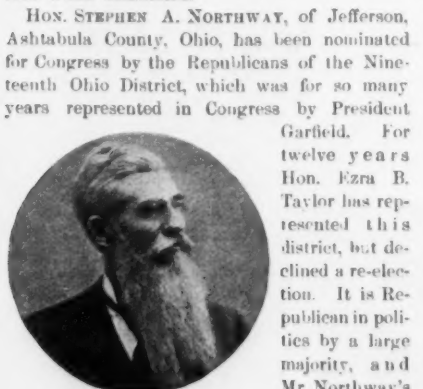
HON. ABRAHAM W. SMITH.

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY of Kansas have nominated for Congressman-at-large Hon. W. A. Harris, of Linwood. Colonel Harris is an ex-Confederate soldier, and this is believed to be the first instance in which a former Confederate soldier has been nominated for Congress in a Northern State. He was born in Loudon County, Virginia, in 1841, and was graduated from the Columbian College of Washington City in 1859, after which he entered the Virginia Military Institute, graduating in 1861. He joined the Confederate cause and served as adjutant-general of Wilcox Brigade, Longstreet's Division, and later as chief of ordnance in General D. H. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps. Colonel Harris went to Kansas in 1865, and was employed as a resident engineer in the construction of the Union Pacific Railway. In 1868 he was given charge of the Delaware Indian Reservation and other lands acquired by the company, retaining charge until the land was finally sold. He purchased the farm in Leavenworth County on which he now resides, and which, since 1868, he has steadily cultivated and improved. He is an enthusiastic breeder of pure-bred short-horn cattle. He was on a visit to England and Scotland when nominated.



HON. W. A. HARRIS.

HON. STEPHEN A. NORTHWAY, of Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio, has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Nineteenth Ohio District, which was for so many years represented in Congress by President Garfield. For twelve years Hon. Ezra B. Taylor has represented this district, but declined a re-election. It is Republican in politics by a large majority, and Mr. Northway's election is assured. He is a native of the State of New York, having been born in Onondaga County in June, 1833. His parents moved to the Western Reserve in 1840, and located in Ashtabula County, where the future Congressman has always resided. He was admitted to the practice of law in 1860, and the following year was chosen prosecuting attorney of Ashtabula County. He served in this capacity for two terms,



S. A. NORTHWAY.

and in 1865 was elected to the Ohio House of Representatives. He declined a re-election, and devoted himself undividedly to his profession. He has never re-entered politics until now, and his nomination for Congress is strictly an instance of the office seeking the man. His fine legal attainments have won him a position of prominence in the profession throughout Ohio.

OFF FOR EUROPE.

WE give on another page a number of pictures of the departure of an ocean greyhound from the port of New York. In the season of ocean travel such a departure is always an event of very great interest and is full of picturesque effects. Not merely the hundreds of passengers, but the thousands of friends who assemble to "see them off," swarm the decks and congregate upon the wharves so that on some occasions the crowd numbers more than the population of many country towns claiming city honors. There are the belated people, who come at the last moment to say good-bye to their friends, sometimes finding the ship already in motion; there are the visitors in hired vehicles, who are caught inextricably in the jam of drays, carriages and carts; there are the hurrying porters, the swearing draymen, all eager and impetuous in their efforts to deliver their loads of baggage; there are the vendors of steamer-chairs and all the accessories necessary for comfort while in transit, and there is the babble and gabble of men, women and children, all tending to make confusion worse confounded and helping to constitute a scene which once seen will long be remembered.

Among our pictures is one showing a great steamer just backing out from her dock, and another showing her in more rapid motion, a great concourse on the wharf exchanging salutations with their friends on board, while still another shows her clear of the dock with her prow set oceanward. These friends, of course, haunt the scene until the great ship is finally lost to view, and the throng upon its deck can no longer discern them or their fluttering good-byes. Now that Europe and America have been so closely united, and the departure of these great steamers has become so much a matter of every-day occurrence, one would suppose that the interest in the event would subside. Such, however, is not the case, and steamer-day affords to multitudes of persons an hour of real enjoyment, whether they be intending passengers or only spectators of the scene. There are very few who see one of the leviathans of the deep moving out upon her voyage who do not feel an impulse and a longing to join the departing voyagers.

THE NEW SUPREME COURT JUSTICE.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has been especially fortunate in all his selections for judicial office. His appointments have distinctively elevated the character of the Federal courts. His latest appointment measures up fully to the standard established by previous ones. George Shiras, Jr., of Pennsylvania, appointed to be associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to fill the vacancy caused by the decease of Justice Bradley, is conceded upon all hands to be a man of exceptional high character, of great learning, and of the highest integrity. A native of Allegheny County, he has, in his professional practice of thirty-five years in Pittsburgh, acquired a leading rank among the members of the Bar, and for the last decade or more has been identified with nearly every great and important litigation in the extreme western part of the State. The Philadelphia Press says of him, that "none surpass him in profound legal learning or in the ready application of familiar legal principles and the abstruse and complicated relations that characterize the large commercial transactions of the present day. While a most successful lawyer, his manner in court is like that of a disinterested friend trying to make the matter clear to the judges for the sake of the truth, rather than a pleader bent solely on securing judgment for his client." Mr. Shiras is now sixty years of age, and was graduated from Yale in the famous class of '53, of which Justices Brewer and Brown, and Chauncey M. Depew were members. In politics he is a pronounced Republican, but has never taken an active part in partisan management. He has no sympathy with what is known as "machine politics," and his influence, whenever positively asserted, has been against the methods pursued by Senators Cameron and Quay. It is in part for this reason, perhaps, that his nomination has given such genuine satisfaction to the people of the Keystone State. He will prove a valuable re-enforcement to the Supreme Bench.

FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

A FRENCH IRONCLAD IN COLLISION.

ON the morning of July 7th, ten of the great ironclad war vessels of the French navy, including the *Hoche*, were manœuvring off the Planier light-house, near Marseilles. The steam packet *Maréchal-Canrobert*, of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, coming from Bone, attempted to cross in front of the line, but, miscalculating the speed of the ironclads, was struck almost squarely in the side by the steel prow of the *Hoche*. The shock was fearful, lifting the *Canrobert* partly out of the water; but, by a miraculous chance, she remained afloat, close alongside the *Hoche*, until the crew of the war-ship boarded her and dragged off the panic-stricken passengers. This rescue was happily facilitated by daylight and a calm sea. It had scarcely been accomplished when the packet, filled with water, dropped away from the ironclad and plunged to the bottom of the sea. The roll of the rescued passengers being called, it was found that, out of a list of one hundred and seven, only five were missing—three children and two soldiers.

HAVRE AND ITS STEAMSHIP LINES.

WE reproduce elsewhere, from the London Graphic, an illustration of the steamer *Bourgogne* leaving the harbor of Havre from which, as is generally known, start a great number of steamship lines to all parts of the world. The most important of these is a line of five steamers running to New York. This route is a favorite one with tourists, the passage being ordinarily made in seven days. The departure of these steamers from Havre is always an event of interest, attracting large crowds of spectators. The picture gives a glimpse of the harbor, showing the picturesque old houses which line the dock, and a forest of masts of steam and sailing craft.

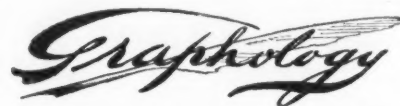
THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

WE give among our pictures of foreign events two illustrative of the recent English elections. The average voter in England sometimes finds it as difficult to determine how to vote as the average American citizen under like circumstances. Not infrequently he is perplexed by the entreaties of rivals for his suffrage. One such instance is depicted in our illustration. Another picture shows the excitement attending the announcement of the returns at the National Liberal Club. More or less disappointment attended the reception of the earlier returns, which failed to justify the Liberal expectations of heavy gains. The general result, however, has afforded a good deal of satisfaction, though at this writing it seems to be hardly possible that Mr. Gladstone will be able to hold together his somewhat incongruous following. The latest intimation is that there are dissensions in the Liberal ranks as to the policy to be pursued concerning home rule. A goodly number of the Liberals desire the subject to be shelved until the other matters are disposed of.

THE ST. JOHN'S FIRE.

THE total number of families burned out by the recent fire at St. John's, Newfoundland, was 1,874, rendering 9,000 persons homeless. For a day or two after the fire 1,500 persons lived in huts on one of the parks, and there was great suffering from want of food and from sickness. Much of the burned district is owned by absentee landlords under short leases. The tenants are now at the mercy of the landlords, and there is urgent need of remedial legislation before rebuilding begins. Among the religious denominations the Episcopalians were the greatest sufferers, everything they owned being swept away. Their most serious loss was the destruction of the Church of England cathedral. Forty

men of the denomination had insured their lives for sums aggregating \$100,000, and signed bonds giving the policies as collateral, and on this bond a city bank advanced the money to complete the building of the cathedral. The bank also has the bond, and the insured men have to continue paying the premium for twelve years longer before the policies expire.



We have been both surprised and pleased with the widespread interest aroused by our new Graphological Department. Applications have come to us from all parts of the world, and in numbers so unexpectedly large that we have been obliged to devise some scheme to insure prompt replies and satisfaction to all correspondents, as we are unable to afford the space necessary to print more than a limited number of readings each week. To this end we make the following announcement: Any applicant sending us fifty cents will be entitled to a short reading of character, to be sent immediately by mail, and the colored edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months; \$1. to a minute and circumstantial reading of character and the colored edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

K. J. T., New York.—Is somewhat restless, impractical, and disposed to lose courage with his surroundings. He is capable of reticence, is careful and neat, but is a man calculated to succeed under the direction of a stronger will and more forcible temperament. He is refined, fairly firm, and decidedly egotistical. For his years he is undeveloped, probably because he is at present employed in a manner too mechanical and methodical for his tastes. He has more force than he uses, but again it would be rash to launch out upon a new sea of difficulties unless a good opening should present itself. If he will be open and sincere with himself, and calmly define his own limitations, he will know when his chance in life does present itself and how to make it of use. Only weak timidity and blind egotism are helpless at such a crisis.

Brown B., Elmhurst, N. Y.—Is ready of speech and communicative, somewhat impulsive and given to keen interests and touches of enthusiasm. Affections are warm and not difficult to rouse. Good temper is visible and a cheerful, companionable disposition, which, though a bit variable, is sympathetic. The mind is active and appreciative, impulses generous, intelligence observing, and the whole—given a little practical training in some one line—is a capable and agreeable temperament.

Anna Hungerford, New York.—You are energetic, capable, and sincere. Your will is strong and capable of an unusual amount of perseverance and resistance to the influence of the outside world. Tinged with sentiment, your affections are warm and spontaneous. Somewhat given to theory, though withal practical, your convictions are deep-rooted and strong, and you are willing and able to support them by a reasonable amount of argument.

Your speech is ready and confident, you are ambitious and possess an unusual combination of feminine adaptability and resistive force.

A Subscriber in California, Minturn, Cal.—Is possessed of an unusual number of good qualities. He is honest, sincere, capable, generous, good-tempered, and agreeable. Speech is ready but discreet. He is liberal in his views and habits, and yet possesses the spirit of thrift. His interests are many and varied. He is ambitious, confident, and decided, firm of will and yet not tyrannical. His affections are warm, his mind is clear and active. He is appreciative of the beautiful, and feels the force of the artistic. His personality is strong, almost emphatic, he is tenacious and deliberate, uses good judgment, is just, thoroughly believes

in himself, is egotistical in a good-humored, thoroughly pardonable fashion, and above all things enjoys being appreciated, understood, and approved of by the world in general and his friends in particular.

H. M. A., Little Rock, Ark.—Is neat, careful, painstaking, and systematic, this latter from custom rather than taste. Imagination has been trained into silence, and a dash of originality which actually appears has almost been lost for want of opportunity. Discretion is very distinct, as also sincerity and candor, care of detail, and industry. The affections are warm and enduring, refinement is visible, self-forgetfulness, and the habit of being directed. Will is firm but not forcible, idea is ready, but self-confidence and enterprise are lacking. A reliable, honest man, he will always do better for others than for himself; although he has the germ of greater things in his composition, it is undeveloped through need of force and daring. His work will always be well and conscientiously accomplished.

WHO WILL BE ELECTED PRESIDENT?

THE publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY will give \$200 to the subscriber who first predicts the closest to the actual PLURALITY OF THE POPULAR VOTE of either of the two leading candidates for the Presidency. The prediction must be written on the following blank cut from the WEEKLY and addressed to the Arkell Weekly Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

None but subscribers allowed to contest. Only one prediction allowed to each subscriber. If you are not already a subscriber inclose \$1.00 for the paper for three months when sending the blank. If you are a subscriber please so state on the blank.

I predict that _____ will have _____

plurality of the popular vote in the election for President.

Name _____

Street _____

Date _____ Post-Office _____



A LITTLE EMIGRANT.

By NORMAN McCANN.

Six weeks ago, I thought that there was only one world; that beyond the clouds, the sun, the moon and the stars. This world does not compare favorably with the one I left. There is too much sameness here. I did not mean to come here. I was playing in the other world, with a lot of other little dames and men, among the meadows and fields and woods, where brooks bawl and rivers sing, where the buttercups and daisies and honeysuckles and sweet clover make the air happy, when I got lost, and strayed away until I came to an opening in the sky. Through this opening I looked, until I became dizzy, lost my balance and fell through. I whizzed past a great many stars, until I came to a moonbeam, on which I alighted and came down the rest of the way as quick as anything. I got all wet—actually drenched—coming through the clouds, and I arrived at nine o'clock Sunday morning, May 30th, 1892, all tucked out, without any baggage or clothes. Then I began to cry real hard. I cried for ever so long. Nobody seemed to take any notice of me at all. After an hour I got scared of the sound of my own voice and kept quiet, wondering what was going to happen next. I had never cried before. None of the children where I came from ever cried. Nobody is ever unhappy there.

In a little over an hour, a great big woman, with terrible big hands, gave me a bath and put me into a long, white robe. The next thing I knew I was dangling from a hook held by a man with whiskers, who said that I weighed nine pounds. Then I was laid beside a pretty woman. She hung over me for a little while, with great big swimming eyes, and called me, "My darling." Then she went to sleep. I have since found out that she is my mamma. Mamma is very funny. I have to laugh at their strange ways. Lots of them come to see me. They all tell my mamma that I am the loveliest baby they ever saw. But when my mamma is asleep they say other things. I know how I look, for they often hold me before something in which I can see myself; and my nose looks like a button, my eyes look like two raindrops in a cloud, my face is like a little moon, and my head is shaped like a bunch of grapes that grow up in the vineyards where I came from. But mamma says that I am growing handsomer all the time.

This is a very funny place. Nobody seems to understand one word I say. I can understand some things they say, at any rate, when they are not foolish. It is very nice not to be able to give thanks to those who do so many things for me. I feel what I cannot express. How alone a new baby is! Nobody can do anything but guess at my wants, and lots of times when they think that they are doing just the thing to comfort me, they are way off from my desires. I have no say in anything. I have to go out when I want to stay in, and they won't let me look at the sky, where my real home is, at twilight, even; because, they say, the light hurts my eyes. Much they know. They think they know everything. I often have to laugh at their silly ways and words, and then they say that I have cramps. It is very ridiculous.

I wasn't here one day before they clapped a name to me. How do my papa and mamma know that I want to be called "Norman"? Why don't they wait till I grow up to pick a name out for my own self? Norman is good enough, but I might find one I like better. There ought to be a law here preventing people from naming children. Babies with all sorts of queer names come to see me every day. Where I came from things are altogether different.

My papa is the most sensible person I have yet known in this world. He talks to me so intelligently that I have become very much attached to him. He doesn't try to come down to my level. He takes me on my own ground, which is his. He tells me that he admires the manner in which I accept all things, as if I were a Pharaoh. He also tells people that Napoleon rebuking Bernadotte wasn't a circumstance to the awfulness of my glance when the

nurse is dilatory with my milk; and that the wraith of Cochise the Apache says a paternoster when I lift up my voice in wrath. He also says that I am to be an actor, the greatest this old world has known. He reads to me every day. I think that I should like to play Kit Marlowe's "Faust" and "Tamburlane," the lines in each are so like the way men talk in the world I came from.

My papa says awful things to me. He says that if I ever cry without cause he will cut me up into dice. He often tries to frighten me by pretending to throw me out of the window. But it's all in fun, because he sings to me new songs every day, which he makes up out of his own head as he walks up and down with me. Some of them are so funny that I am almost ready to burst, and some are not at all funny.

But mamma is ten times sweeter than papa. She couldn't even pretend to be cross with me. She is almost afraid to touch me because she is afraid of breaking me. I cannot escape her eyes. They follow me wherever I go. She, more than any one else, or anything, reconciles me to this world. Every day I am growing more and more indifferent to going home, and all because of her sweetness and patience. I don't think that I could find the way home, even if I wanted to go. I came here in no time, but I have gathered from the talk I have heard that the journey back is long and wearisome; that a baby must become a boy, and the boy a man, and the man an old, old fellow, in the natural course of events; and that my little pink feet must travel over many stones before they come to the gate of the entrance to my home. I must be happy and sad, and sick and sorrowful, and gray and weak, and heart-hungry before I go. My eyes must know tears and my life pain. I must woo, win, have, and lose; fight the grim battle with and without friends; become acquainted alone with grief, and wait, exist, endure, and serve, before I go—for that is the lot of little men who grow big, and all ought to face it with all the courage at command. But I didn't ask to come and face all that. Did you?

SCIENTIFIC SUSIE.

SUSIE is five years old. She once heard her papa, who is a very learned man, talk about the "lower orders of life," as he termed them. Susie is a bright little maiden, and she listened intently to his words, for she often learns things strange and wonderful when papa talks, as he kindly, at suitable times, answers her questions in simple language.

This time he was conversing about polypi, which are queer little inhabitants of the sea. When cut in pieces, instead of being killed, the parts still live and grow (and make whole ones), thus multiplying by cuttings, as do some kinds of trees and plants.

Said Susie, a few days later: "Papa, do angle-worms belong to the lower orders of life?"

He was busy just then, and answered, briefly, "Yes."

Susie thought about the matter a great deal; and one day, when she was visiting with mamma at the home of a friend, she told a little boy, the son of her mamma's friend, all about this queer way of creating new life.

The boy was much interested in the tale. Susie searched and found a smooth board, and by her direction the boy brought a quantity of earth-worms, and with the hatchet, which he also brought at her request, Susie commenced cutting the poor things.

She has a tender heart, and she told her playmate that it would be cruel to cut the worms, but that was God's way of making more, and so it could not be wicked. She said if they made three or four worms out of one there would be so many more to be happy.

The only thing that puzzled her was this: A worm's head might grow a tail, because the head could cut; and the tail might grow a head, because the stomach might be in the lower part; but the middle pieces from which both the heads and tails had been cut seemed in danger of starving, and so never growing and making new worms.

However, she concluded it must be all right somehow, and went on swinging the little hatchet.

She had worked very busily until her back and arms were tired, when one of the ladies of the house came around the corner of the house to see what strange play the children could be having.

"You dreadful, dreadful children!" she said. "What are you doing?" for the board was almost covered with wriggling bits of the unfortunate worms.

Susie explained, her boy partner standing by. The lady looked horrified, but she did not rebuke the children, for she saw they meant no harm, and did not intend to be cruel.

She made them stop, and Susie wondered, till after she reached home and asked papa, why she and the little boy were not permitted to continue their scientific sport.

He then more fully explained regarding the grades of life in which she had taken so practical an interest.

If Susie lives to be a woman I think she will be an investigator. Look in the dictionary and find out what that means.

LAURA ROSAMOND WHITE.

A GREAT SNAKE.

CAN you imagine, dear boys and girls, a grown man, who was not only brave but wise, almost paralyzed with fright? You shall hear how it happened once.

In the city of Washington is a great building called the Smithsonian Institution, where many clever, busy men spend all day, and every day, even sometimes many years, studying about animals, birds, insects, and all living things. From every part of the country specimens are sent to them to be studied, and many curious creatures and marvels of nature find their way there.

One day a great curiosity was received, a huge and monstrous rattlesnake. I am afraid to say how long it was, because I do not quite remember, but it was so very large that these wise and learned gentlemen had not believed such a thing possible. They decided to take his picture in a very surprising way. First they poured on his head, through the grating of his cage, great quantities of a drug called chloroform, in order to kill him, giving him three or four times as much as they thought necessary, to make sure. Then, lifting him out of the cage, they coiled him carefully in the very manner to make him appear the most terrible, and made, in soft, wet plaster, a snake exactly like him. When the plaster was dry, the wisest of all the wise men sat down with paints and paint-brushes and carefully colored the plaster snake to look precisely like the real one, lying on a shelf near by, patiently copying each little spot and stripe.

He worked many hours, and just at dusk, pleased with his perfect work and hurrying to catch the last bit of daylight, he bent eagerly over the nearly finished picture, when suddenly, on the silent air, a sound arose that paralyzed his arm and made his very heart stand still—the sharp whirr of a rattlesnake. Quick as thought he sprang across the room, then turned, and there on the shelf was the terrible creature he had for two whole days believed to be dead, coiled, angry, with fangs rapidly darting, ready to strike. For one moment he was helpless, half dead with fear, remembering only that he had locked the door to keep out curious visitors, and that the key was on a shelf near the enraged snake. The next he seized a bottle of chloroform, soaked his handkerchief and threw it dexterously over the head of the threatening reptile. A moment of suspense and the head dropped, the rattle was silent, and once more the great snake was insensible, overcome by the drug. It took but a few minutes to open the door and call for help; as you may suppose, and in less time than it takes to tell it the snake was carried off, killed most effectually, cut up and buried. But should you chance to visit the Smithsonian any day you will see the plaster picture, and may perhaps then realize how terrifying it would be to be shut up, alone and defenseless, in a little room with a monstrous, angry rattlesnake, which had survived a dose strong enough to have killed three snakes of ordinary size.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, on behalf of a group of little friends, the following question: What is to be gained by saving ordinary canceled postage stamps until a million have been collected? She knows of several children, she says, who are diligently collecting but without any definite idea as to why.

A story was circulated very freely and very widely a few years ago, and starting no one knows where, that the United States government would pay a large sum of money—five hundred dollars, I think—for every package containing one million canceled

postage stamps which should be sent to the Secretary of the Treasury in Washington. The story has been inquired into many times, but its origin has never been discovered, and it is absolutely without foundation. It has been widely believed, will probably only die out with the lapse of time, and although apparently no one has ever collected the entire number and put the report to the test, there are probably thousands of people in the United States to-day "saving stamps," though for what object they are more or less uncertain.

Your questions are welcome, dear little friends, and will meet with willing answer.

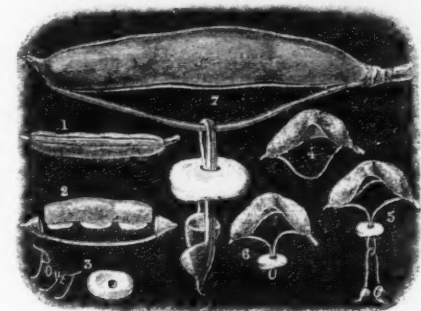
ILLUSTRATED EXPERIMENT.

Two bean-pods are needed for the experiment illustrated for the boys and girls this month, and in this happy summer-time, when the skies are blue and the earth is green, it will be easy to go out and pick them.

Make two parallel slits along the underneath part of one of the pods, as in Fig. 1, so as to free the fibrous string which runs from end to end, leaving it uncut at the two extremities. (Fig. 4.) Carefully shave the inner surface of this string until it is flexible, and take all the beans from the pod.

Make a hole through the middle of a bean (Fig. 3) large enough to admit of the passage of the string doubled. Cut off the ends of the other bean, leaving the string which unites them intact (Fig. 2).

You have now, in Figs. 1, 2, and 3, the material for the execution of the seeming freak of nature repre-



sented in Fig. 7. Press the ends of the first pod slightly toward each other (Fig. 4), so as to bend it, and let the string hang loose; then pass this string, doubled, through the hole in the bean (Fig. 6), and through the loop thus formed pass the detached string of the second bean, as shown in Fig. 5. Allow the first pod to resume its natural position. As the pod straightens itself, the string will be drawn through the hole, bringing with it, in a loop, the string of the second pod.

Now the question is: How can the bean be removed without breaking the bean or either string?

To do this, you have only to reverse the process here explained. Nothing can be more simple—when one knows how.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Girls' 1st prize.—Elsie M. McKelden, Washington, D. C.

Girls' 2d prize.—Marie C. McKelden, Washington, D. C.

Boys' prize.—James Goodwin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is with special pleasure that I award the prizes this month, for never have the many FRANK LESLIE boys and girls written with so much credit. Many stories were received, and so large a number were really so excellent that to choose was difficult, until two arrived, one on each subject, and written by two little girls, evidently sisters. These were so charming, prettily told, and well written that they won at once first place, and the only pity is that there is not space enough on the children's page to print them both for all my little friends to read. The little girl who heads the honor roll also deserves a compliment, and the twelve honor names have been increased to twenty this time, because of several whom it would have been unfair to omit. I am proud of you, boys and girls, and hope that the long summer vacation is bringing you all a world of pleasure, and that you will lay in a great stock of good health and gay spirits to help through with next winter's work. You have all the good wishes of your friend, the children's editor. Many have written me charming little personal letters, and a few have sent their photographs, for all of which I thank them most cordially. Their kind thoughts bring much pleasure into the long, hot, and busy day.

HONOR ROLL.

Carrie M. Travis, Emily Seaman, Hulda Tillman, Bessie Wiener, Amy Delesdernier, Marian Crise, Florence Greene, Antoinette White, Floy Watkins, Grace Ward, Mary B. Durff, Wallace A. Low, Katharine Stearns Haskell, Ethel McMillan, Mamie Todd, Ivy Darling, Grace Frizell, Helena Rickhart, Mamie Lynch, George L. Blecker.

PRIZE OFFER.

Prizes will be awarded this month for letters telling of Curious Facts. Write a careful description of the most curious or remarkable thing you have ever heard of or seen, no matter what it may be about. Only one thing is absolutely necessary—it must be of something which really exists or has occurred. Write neatly, on only one side of each sheet of paper, and with ink. Several of the boys and girls used pencils again this month, with the result that their letters were so blurred and indistinct after their journey through Uncle Sam's mail as to be almost unreadable. Prizes will be awarded for the most curious fact which shall be written in the neatest and most attractive manner. Three prizes will be given: First and second prizes for girls, each to consist of one French doll; and one boys' prize, to be a jointed fishing-rod. All letters must be sent in on or before August 15th, and should be addressed care Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City. This offer is open to all competitors.

THE BATTLE FOR BREAD.—II. LABOR IN ITALY.

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Few of the many travelers who leave Naples for Rome ever think of stopping on the way. The scenery is not, as a rule, very inviting, and they are perfectly contented to look out of the car windows, and, consulting their guide-books, say: "Here



TYPES OF NEAPOLITAN BOYS.

is where Hannibal wintered. Here a great battle was fought. And in this place such a distinguished philosopher, poet, or statesman was born." But the traveler who wants to see Italy as it really is must not only leave the railroad at unvisited places, but must make excursions inland, where the sound of the locomotive whistle has never been heard.

Perhaps there is no place in the Italian kingdom where stranger scenes can be witnessed than in the neighborhood of Roccasecca, about midway between Rome and Naples. It is especially marked in the guide-book as lying in the wonderful valley of Garigliano and the Desert Mountains. In this locality one of the hardest battles is fought for bread that is waged in any agricultural district.

Heavy taxes, want of improvement, absence of fertilizers, scanty yields, together unite in making the condition of the land-owner anything but pleasant. Most of the land is owned by landlords, each of whom has a villa in the neighborhood as a special residence, but whose home is in one of the large cities. The rental is small. In England, France, or Germany, it would be considered as not worth mentioning, but it is quite as much, if not more, than the farmer can pay. To add to the

misfortune of this individual he is surrounded by a number of dependents, who look to him for assistance and work. In the summer-time the conditions of life are greatly ameliorated; then coarse vegetables, which are unsalable, with now and then a little milk, give to these unfortunates a sustenance. But in the winter, when the ground is comparatively bare, and the long, rainy season has set in, then the suffering is something terrible. The poor wretches, who have gone barefoot during the summer

season, now bind undressed pieces of goat-skin around their feet as a protection against the cold and the sharp stones; their limbs are covered with rags wound about in every way imaginable, and still they shiver. The only food obtainable is bean soup for dinner. These beans are a long, coarse variety, very heavy and bitter; the variation is between these and black bread.

These poor beings have as their only shelter out-houses, ricks of hay or straw, and they may well envy the cattle and sheep their comforts. The wages received average about nine cents per diem.

Arriving at Rome, the capital around whose name so much of human history clusters, the panorama of past events is forgotten, and at once an opportunity is sought to watch the progress of the battle for bread. Information is sought of one who has lived long enough in Rome to be called a Roman. He is the editor of one of the leading papers, and few if any are better informed concerning wages and the condition of the laborer than he. "Labor, the condition of the workmen? Oh, it is wretched." The high taxes incident to the terrible military strain levied every year have caused the government to suspend many of its public works through lack of funds. This has thrown many laborers out of employment. "Beside this," remarked one of the principal real-estate brokers of Rome, "a few years ago our city was enjoying a building boom; houses were going up on every side, new streets were opened, and the real-estate market was active. But all that has ceased; there is hardly any building going on, and property is depreciating. Now men can be hired for any sum that is offered. The fact is the government has at its own expense sent many of the masons, carpenters, stone-cutters, and tradesmen back to their birthplaces rather than have them here as a burden to Rome. Skilled workmen would be glad to get thirty cents a day as a certain wage, and they cannot find it." This gentleman was president of a large syndicate of builders, and knew of what he spoke. From statistics given at the bureau of the Minister of the Interior it was manifest that emigration was the only way that appeared open to the poor from distress and danger.

Passing out of the Porta Maggiore, in the evening, long rows of humanity, comprising whole families, from the aged to the infant, husbands, wives, young men, young women, all exposed to the elements, no covering but their ordinary clothes, were



A NEAPOLITAN FRUIT-VENDER.

this class be seen. Some have dug holes in the ground to find shelter, some seek a shield from the tempest in the crevices of the walls and the old aqueduct—anywhere to obtain a little protection. How do these people live? They exist as follows:

In the summer they mow the Campagna; all the family engage in this. During the olive and vintage season they pick the fruit. Throughout the long winter they starve and pick up what little they can. In the spring they try to make gardens and find something to do among the farmers. What a sad sight this homeless, houseless horde of humanity presents! Alas! it is only one of the many scenes in the battle for bread, where free-trade principles have full sway.

THE YACHT
"ALVA."

THE steam yacht *Alva*, owned by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, which was run down and sunk by the steamer *H. F. Dimock* off Nantucket Shoals, on the evening of July 24th, was one of the most luxurious yachts afloat. She was constructed of steel, her saloon and sixteen state-rooms were decorated and furnished most elaborately, and she had all the appointments necessary for a dwelling. She was lighted through-

out by electricity. Her length over all was 285 feet. Her cost was anywhere from \$250,000 to \$500,000. She had a crew of fifty-three men. Mr. Vanderbilt has made several long ocean voyages in the *Alva*, and she is as well known in foreign waters as in our own.

At the time of the collision in which the yacht was sunk a dense fog prevailed off Nantucket, and the accident was so sudden that the party on board barely had time to escape partially clothed.



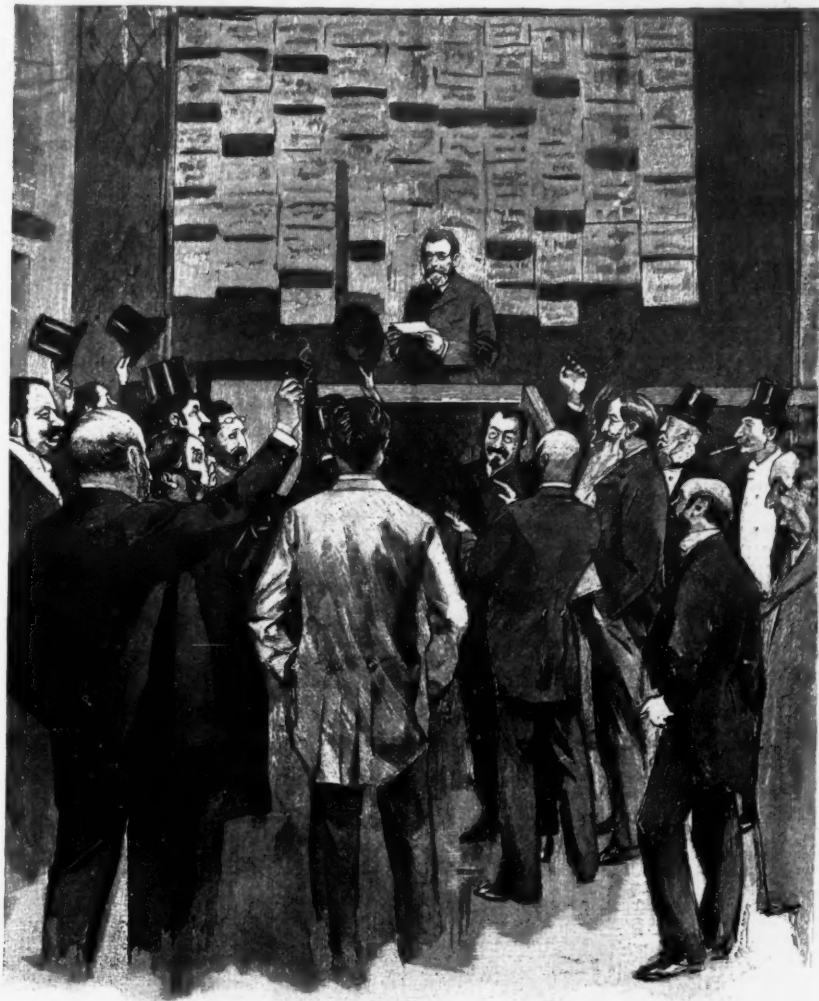
MIGRATORY GROUP, HOUSELESS AND HOMELESS, UNDER AN AQUEDUCT NEAR ROME.

sleeping like so many cattle on the ground. The question was asked, "Why do these people sleep out here? Why are they not in their houses? It is certainly not too warm; overcoats are a necessity." "Oh," said an Italian policeman, "these people have no homes, and the law does not allow them to sleep in the streets, so they come outside of the walls and take whatever place they can find."

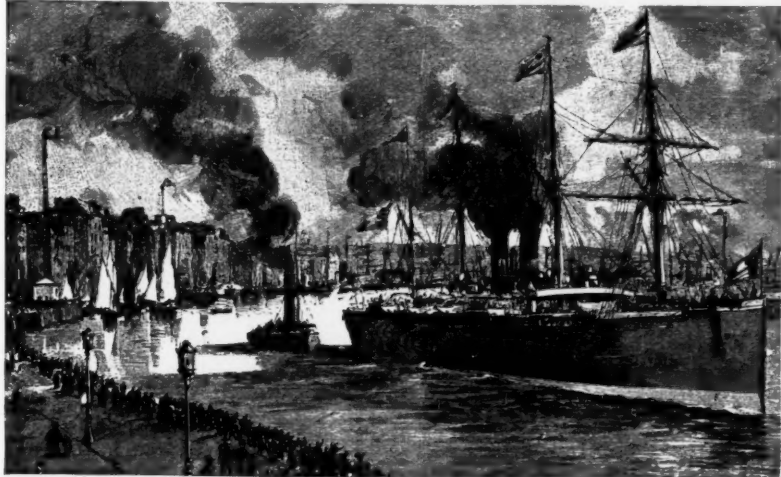
Here every night, even in the cold of winter, can many of



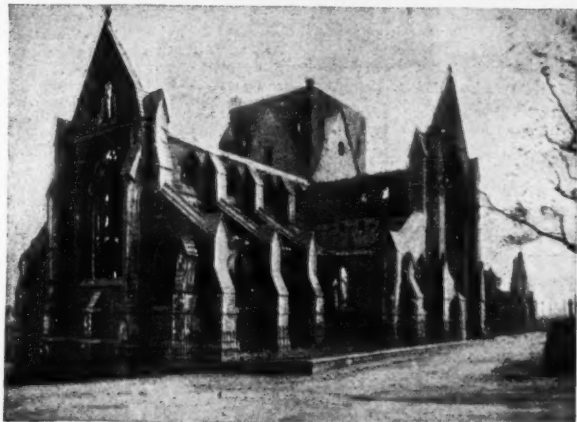
THE GENERAL ELECTION IN GREAT BRITAIN—THE PERPLEXED VOTER.



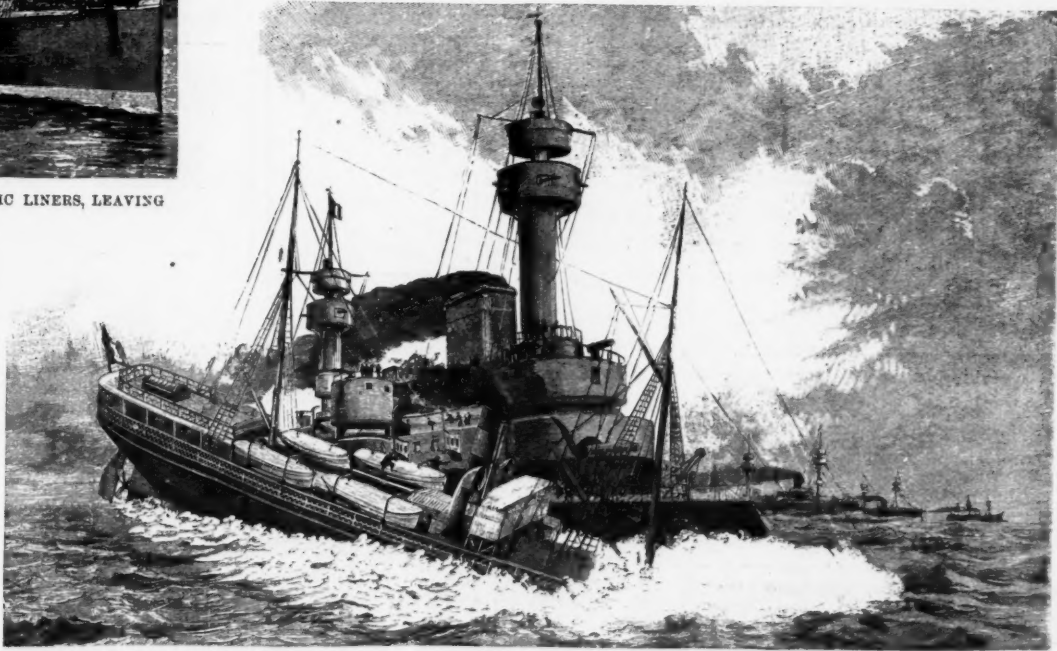
ANNOUNCING THE ELECTION RETURNS IN THE SMOKE-ROOM OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.



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THE BURNT DISTRICT, ST. JOHN'S, N. F., AS SEEN FROM DEVON ROW, RESIDENCE OF REV. M. HARVEY, F.R.S.

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 100.]

A GOOD NAME.
 "I HAVE lost my good name!"
 "O, Maria, for shame!"
 "That's true to the letter,
 For I've found me a better—
 And my husband's that name."

ROSALIE—"How did that awfully plain girl make such a good marriage?"

GRACE—"Why, she stayed at home one summer, and every man she ever met called there, because everybody else was away."

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 When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
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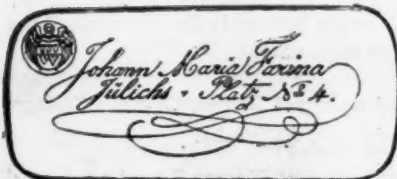


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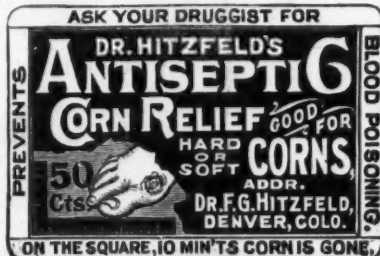
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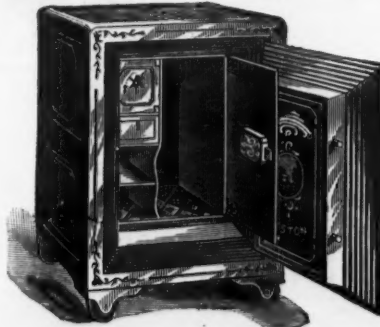
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